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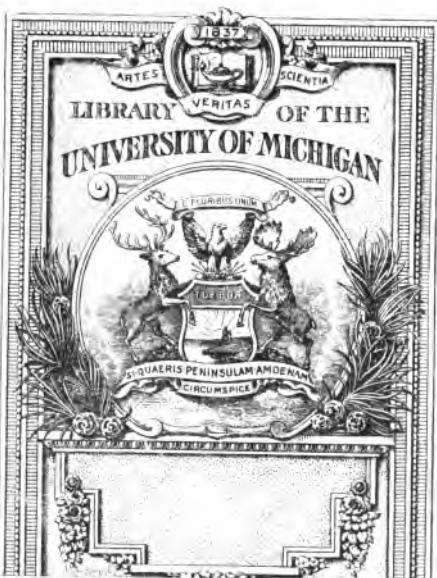
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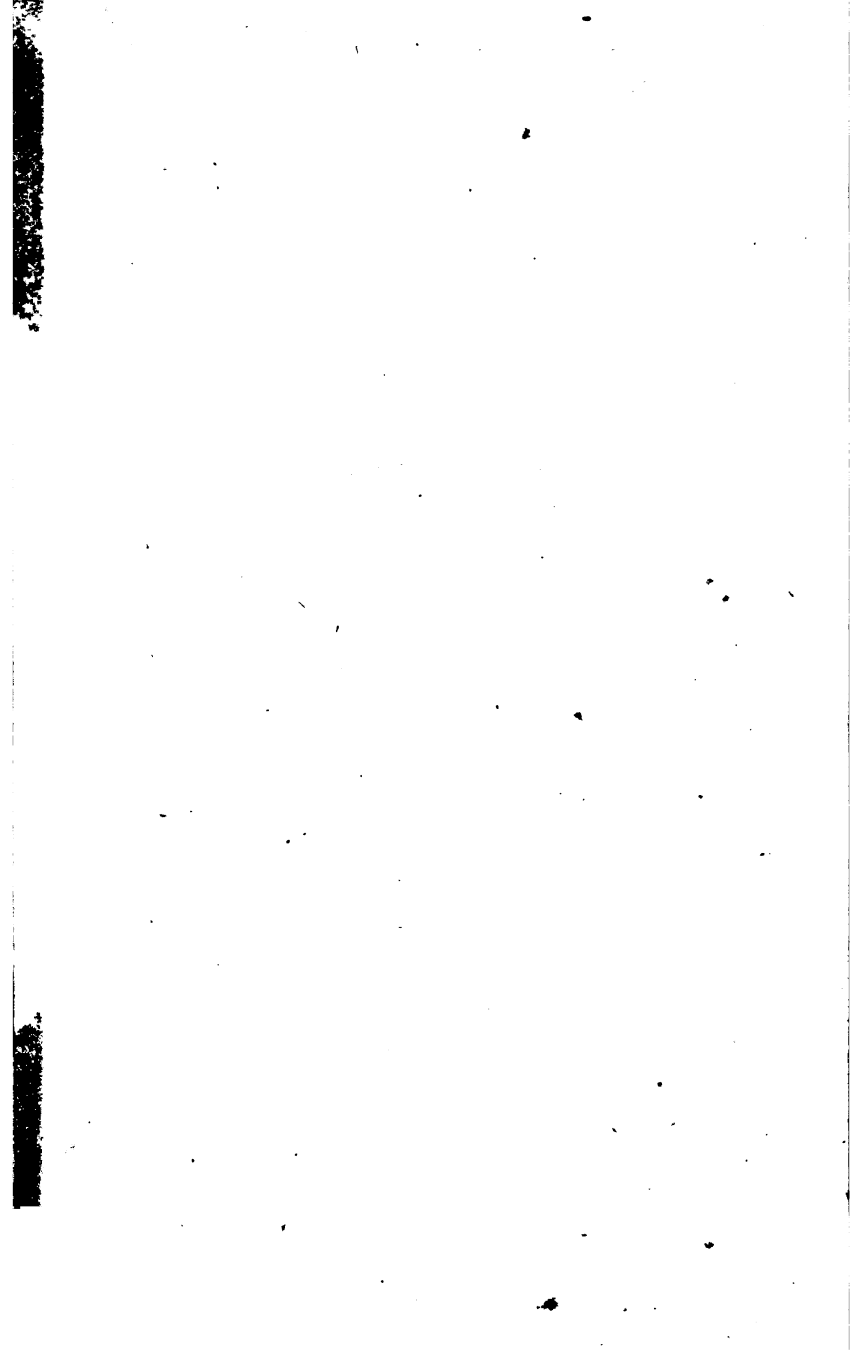
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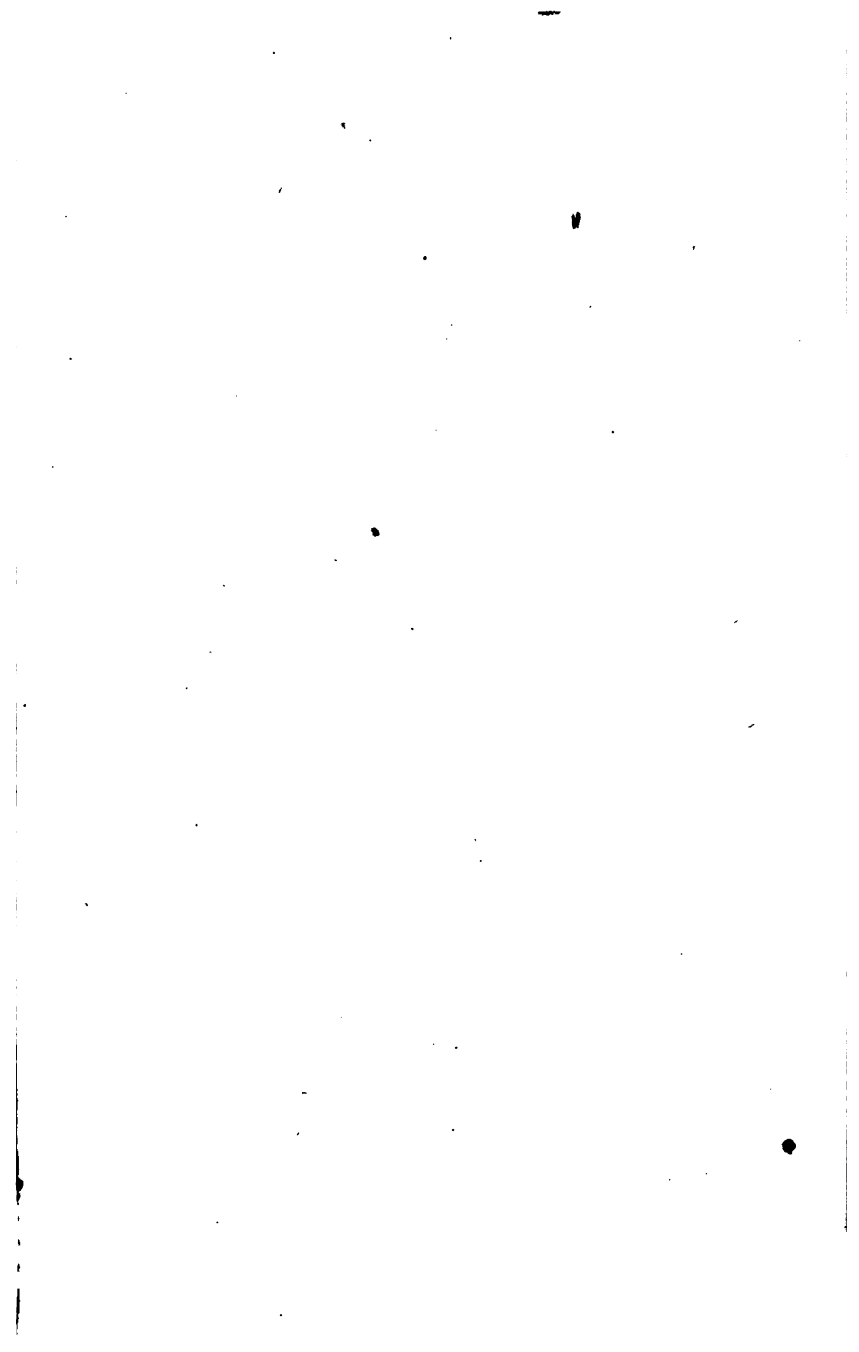
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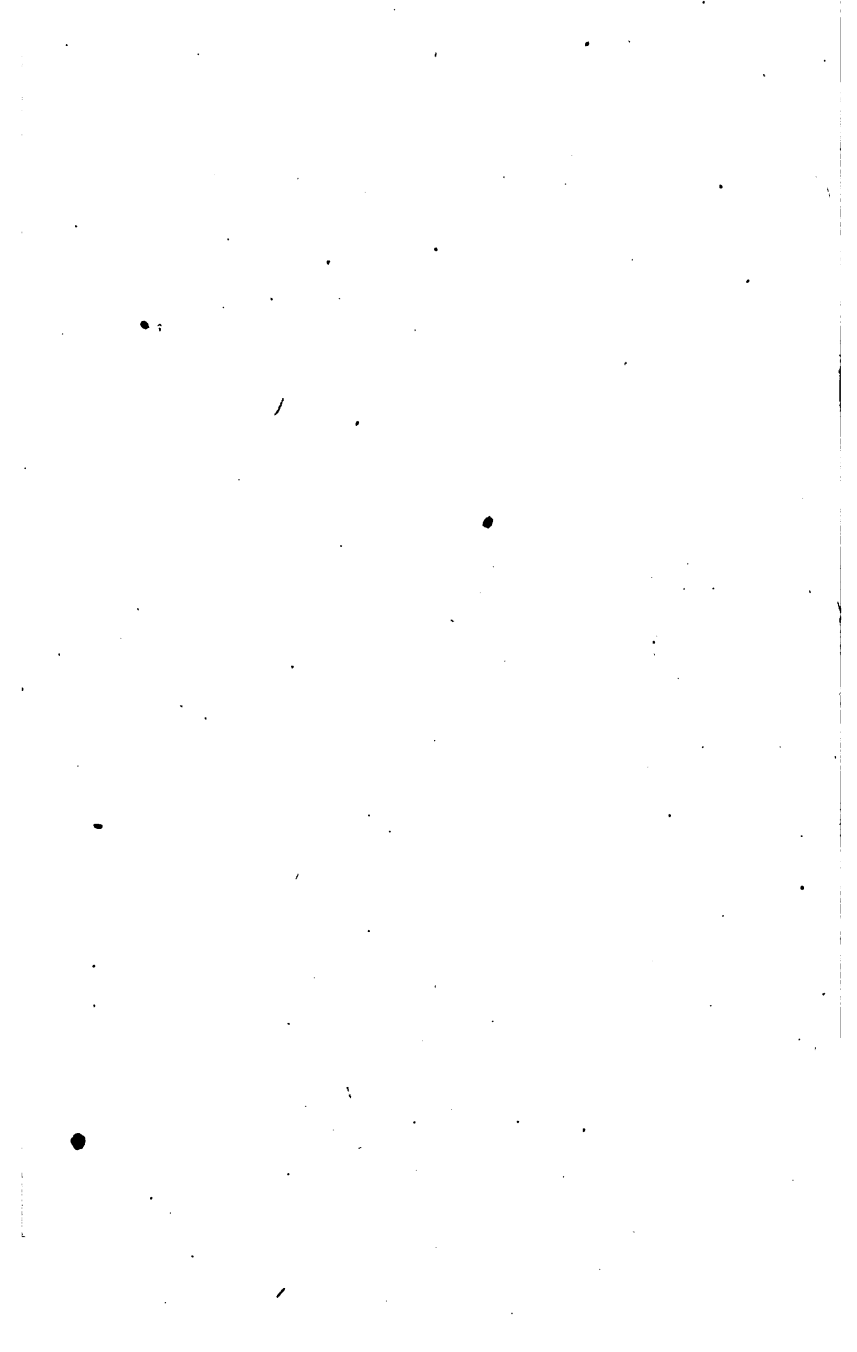
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THE

RIGHT JOYOUS AND PLEASANT HISTORY

OF THE

1016

FEATS, GESTS, AND PROWESSES

OF THE

CHEVALIER BAYARD,

THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

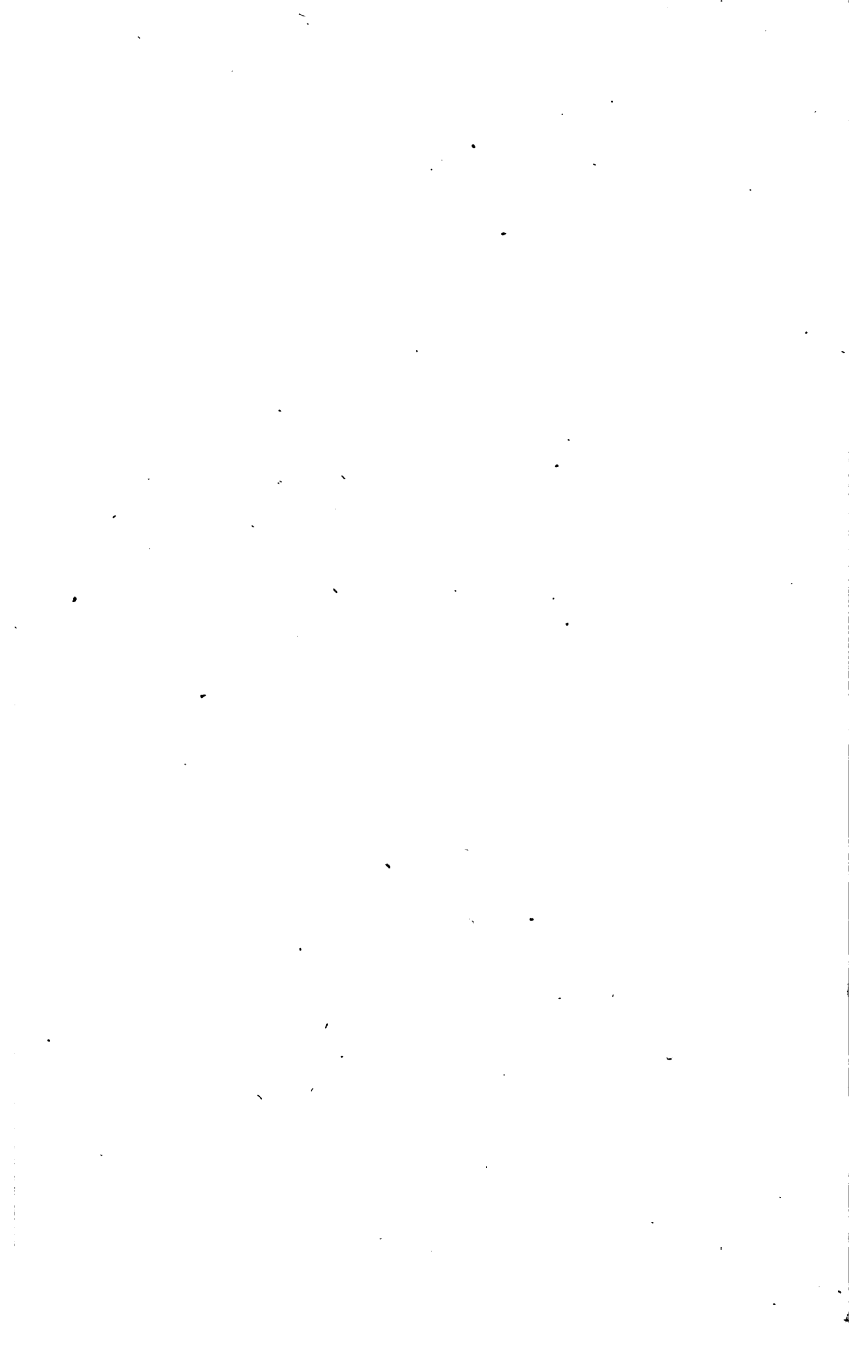
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BY THE LOYAL SERVANT.

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MDCCCXXV.



MEMOIRS
OF
THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,
&c. &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

Of the death of the Lord of Montoison, and of divers intrigues which Pope Julius and the Duke of Ferrara carried on against each other, wherein the good Knight approved his virtue.

THE gentle Lord of Montoison did not long survive this spirited engagement of La Bastia; for he was seized with an unintermitting fever, which never left him till he died. It was a lamentable circumstance, and France sustained a heavy loss thereby. He had been in his lifetime one of the most accomplished Gentlemen that was to be met with, and had performed noble actions in

Picardy, Bretagne, Naples, and Lombardy. A very merlin he was, unremittingly vigilant. In time of war he was constantly in the saddle : which caused him to be much broken and worn out at the time of his decease. But he demeaned himself so handsomely, and with so much propriety, that you would have taken him for a man of thirty. His unhappy fate was much lamented by the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara, the good Knight, and all the French Captains ; but this was a grievance which admitted of no remedy.

The Pope, still at Mirandola, was wellnigh beside himself when he heard of the defeat of his people at La Bastia, and vowed to God that he would be revenged : in order to which he resolved upon beginning the siege of Ferrara without delay ; but the Captains and military men that were with him, especially his nephew the Duke of Urbino, who would have liked well that the King of France and he should have been friends, did their utmost to dissuade him from it ; representing to him that Ferrara, supplied as it was with all necessaries, and with such Captains, in particular the good Knight, with whom none might compare, would not be easily taken, and that, if his army entered the island to besiege it, there would be great diffi-

culty in getting provisions. The Pope liked not these counsels, but cast about for some other method of accomplishing his desire, and thought to tamper with certain Gentlemen of the town, by whose means he might get possession of it, that is by their delivering up a gate some night for his people to enter at. He sent many spies instructing them to speak with these Gentlemen ; but the Duke and the good Knight were so vigilant that not one entered but was laid hold of, and six or seven of them were hung. However the Duke entertained suspicions of certain Gentlemen of his town, whom he threw into prison, peradventure wrongfully. Among them was the Count *Borse Calcagnin*, in whose house the good Knight had lodged ; he was much grieved at his detention : but in the then doubtful state of affairs, deemed it unmeet to interfere, unless he could be quite sure what he was about.

When the Pope saw that he could not compass his ends by these measures, he hatched a horrible scheme ; in order to be revenged on the French he meditated insnaring the Duke of Ferrara. He had a Gentleman of Lodi in the Dutchy of Milan at his devotion, who was called Messer Augustino Guerlo ; but had changed his name.

He was a great framer of plots and treasons, which brought him ill luck in the end ; for the Lord of Aubigny caused his head to be cut off in Brescia, where he would have betrayed him. One day the Pope sent for this Messer Augustino and said to him: "Come, you must do me a service. You shall go to the Duke at Ferrara, and tell him that if he will send away the French, and be my ally, I will give him one of my nieces for his eldest son, will wipe out all old scores," and moreover make him Gonfalonier, and Captain General of the Church. He hath only to tell the French that he hath no further occasion for them, and that they may retire. Sure I am that they can pass into no place whatsoever where they will not be at my mercy, and not one of them shall escape."

This messenger, who liked nothing better than such commissions, said he could manage the affair very well, and went straight to Ferrara to confer with the Duke, who, as a wise and subtle Prince, gave the fellow a good hearing, and pretended that he would gladly comply with the Pope's desire ; but he would rather have died an hundred thousand deaths, having too noble and excellent an heart to do any such thing.

This he clearly manifested ; for after having well regaled Messer Augustino, and shut him up in an apartment in the Palace, whereof he took away the key, he went with one Gentleman only to the good Knight's lodgings, and fully related to him the whole affair ; whereat he crossed himself, and could not conceive that the Pope would be so wicked as to accomplish what he had proposed. But the Duke assured him that nothing was more true, and that, if he desired it he would put him into a closet in his Palace, where he might hear the fellow repeat all he had said to him : that he knew it could be no falsehood by the tokens he had given him : but would sooner be torn to pieces by four horses, than even have thought of consenting to such an atrocious project ; observing how much he was bound to the House of France, and how well the King had aided him in his so great necessity.

The good Knight said : “ My Lord, you have no need to clear yourself from that ; I know you well enough. On my soul I hold my companions and myself as secure in this town of yours, as if we were in Paris. And I fear not, with God's aid, that any evil will betide us, by your connivance at least.” “ My Lord of Bayard,” said the

Duke, "suppose we do this thing. The Pope hath a mind to perpetrate a piece of villany,—let us give him like for like. I will go speak again with his man; and will try to gain him, and bring him over to our interest, so that he may do us some good turn." "It is well spoken," the good Knight replied. At these words the Duke returned to his Palace, and went directly to the room where he had left Messer Augustino Guerlo: to whom he held divers discourses, and of divers natures, far from the subject matter of his thoughts, in order the better to arrive at his point, which he well knew how to introduce opportunely, as will appear from what follows: "Messer Augustino," said he, "I have been thinking all this morning of the proposal made me by the Pope, wherein I can discover no kind of security or expedience, for two reasons: In the first place I ought never to trust him, after he hath declared so many times that he would put me to death if he had me in his power, and that I am the man in the world whom he most hateth; and I am well aware there is no one thing upon earth he so longs after as to get this town, and my other territories into his hands; wherefore I do not see what reliance I can have upon him. Secondly, if I tell my

Lord of Bayard at this time, that I no longer stand in need of him or his companions, what will he think? He is as strong again in the town as I am. Perhaps he will reply that he will give notice of it to the King of France, or to my Lord the Grand Master, his Lieutenant General on this side the Alps, by whom he was sent hither; and according to their answer will frame his proceedings. In the mean time it would be very difficult to hinder him from arriving at a knowledge of my purpose, and then I should justly be abandoned as a villain, and between two stools should fall upon the ground;—a thing I should by no means relish. But, Messer Augustino, the Pope is of a terrible nature, exceeding choleric and vindictive as you well know. And, whatever he may disclose to you of his secret affairs, believe me he will play you a shrewd trick some day or other. Moreover when he dies what will become of his servants? Another Pope will succeed, who will not harbour one of them, and it is a very bad service, except for ecclesiastics. You know that I have wealth and enow, God be thanked for it. If you will do me some good service, and help to rid me of my enemy, I will give you so handsome a present, and assign you

so good an income, that you shall be at your ease ever after; and on this you may confidently rely."

The wicked, base, covetous rascal, had no sooner heard the Duke's words, than he felt his heart suddenly moved: and replied, wellnigh persuaded: "On my soul, my Lord, you say truth: for these six years have I been wishing to enter your service. I can assure you there is no man about the person of the Pope who can better perform what you desire than myself; for I am with him night and day. He frequently takes his after supper repast from my hand, and we two only are present when he talks to me concerning his schemes of deceit. If you will use me well, in less than eight days he shall cease to live, and I ask nothing till I have done what I promise. On the other hand, my Lord, I should not like to be made a fool of afterwards." "No, no," said the Duke, "upon my honour." So they struck the bargain before they parted: the Duke was to give him two thousand ducats in hand, and five hundred a-year. This being settled, Messer Augustino was again handsomely treated, and the Duke, leaving him in his apartment, returned to the good Knight, who had gone out for pleasure on the city ramparts, and was looking on, by way

of pastime, while a loophole was cleared. Seeing the Duke approach he went to meet him; they took one another by the hand, and, as they walked upon the ramparts, at a distance from all others, the Duke begun to say: "My Lord Bayard, it never fell out but that deceivers were themselves deceived in the end. You have heard the villany which the Pope would have made me commit against you and the French that are here. And in this intent he hath sent a man of his to me, as you know. I have so brought him over to our side, and changed his purpose, that he will do to the Pope what he wished to do to you; for he hath assured me that in eight days at farthest, he shall be no more."

The good Knight, who would never have suspected the real truth of the fact, made answer: "How can that be, my Lord, hath he spoken with God?" "Give yourself no concern about the matter," said the Duke; "so shall it be." And they went on communing together till he told him that Messer Augustino had engaged himself to poison the Pope. Whereat the good Knight said: "Oh! my Lord, I can never believe that so worthy a Prince as you will consent to so black a treachery; and, were I assured of it, I swear to you, by my

soul, that I would apprize the Pope thereof, before it were night." "Why?" said the Duke, "he would have done as much to you and me: and you know that we have hung seven or eight spies of his." "No matter for that," said the good Knight; "I never will consent to the effecting of his death in this manner." The Duke shrugged his shoulders, spat upon the ground, and said: "My Lord Bayard, would that I had killed all my enemies as I did that! Howbeit since the thing is not to your liking it shall be given up; and, but God help us, we shall both repent of it." "Not so, please God," said the good Knight. "But I pray you, my Lord, put the fellow into my hands who would perform this precious piece of work, and, if I have him not hung within an hour, let me be so dealt with in his stead." "No, my Lord Bayard," said the Duke; "I have assured him of his personal safety: but I will go and dismiss him." Which the Duke did as soon as he got back to his Palace. What the man said or how he acted on his return to the Pope I know not: but he executed none of his enterprises. So he continued about the person of his Holiness, who was much grieved at being able to discover no method of bringing his schemes to

pass. He remained a little while longer at Mirandola, and in its neighbourhood, then retired to Bologna, and placed his army in garrisons near Modena.

About this time the Duke of Urbino, his nephew, who had ever leaned toward the French, and to whom the war levied by the Pope against the King of France was hugely distasteful, killed the Cardinal of Pavia, Legate at Bologna; this greatly incensed his Holiness, who had been entirely governed by him, but he was obliged to stifle his resentment. The catastrophe was occasioned by the Duke's being told that the Cardinal of Pavia had represented him to the Pope as more a servant of the French than of himself, and as giving them daily information of his proceedings. That might have been made up; but the root of the mischief was that this Cardinal of Pavia had been the original instigator of the Pope to the war. He received an ill guerdon for such counsel.

I shall quit this subject, and speak of what happened in Italy during two years.

CHAPTER XLVI.

*Of sundry things which happened in Italy in the course of
two years.*

SEEING that this history is principally founded on the virtue and prowess of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, I shall leave many things unspeaken of which are not necessary to be inserted therein. Nevertheless I choose to mention the principal occurrences which took place during two years in Italy, till the death of the good Lord of Chaumont, Governor of Milan, who was succeeded by that worthy Prince Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours.

The Emperor sent again to the King of France for succour, in order to the conquest of Friuli, which the Venetians held. This is a very good and beautiful country: by it you enter Germany in two or three places, and by one end Sclavonia. His request was granted, and that Monarch wrote to his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Chaumont, bidding him send the Lord of la Palisse to

the said country of Friuli, accompanied by twelve hundred horse, and eight thousand foot. Which was done accordingly, and he went thither with plenty of gallant Captains, both of cavalry and infantry. You may suppose he did not leave the good Knight, his excellent friend, behind. They found the Emperor's army at Verona, and marched in company with it. In this same army, a German Gentleman, named George of Stain, was Lieutenant for the Emperor. They penetrated a good way into the country, and went to besiege Treviso, but effected nothing there. In the approaches there fell a brave Gentleman, Lord of Lorges, at that time Lieutenant of Captain Bonnet, who had a thousand foot. A young brother of his was put in his place, who hath since performed great things. Thence they steered their course to the bank of a river called the Piava, which separates Friuli and the Trevisan, and constructed a bridge of boats thereon. The good Knight and Captain Fontrailles passed over it with their companies. Now Bayard had had for a little while under his charge an hundred gendarms, which the King of France had given to the noble Duke of Lorrain, on condition that the good Knight should lead them as his Lieutenant;

the worthy Prince desired nothing else, for in the whole world he could not have found one more competent to the task. So these two valiant Captains went with some Germans against Gradisca and Goritz, which are on the confines of Sclavonia, but were then held by the Venetians. Having taken these towns and put them into the hands of the Emperor, they returned to the camp, where they found the Lord of la Palisse, who had remained a long while without doing any great things, through the ill conduct of the Emperor's people. And never were poor soldiers in such woful plight; for they went six days without bread or wine, and suffered many other miseries in this unfortunate expedition; insomuch that the King of France lost above four thousand foot, and an hundred gendarms by sickness. Among the other forces there were about two thousand five hundred Grisons, who, for want of bread, devoured a quantity of grapes, (it being the month of September,) and were seized with a flux, which carried off an hundred of them in a day. And, strange to say, out of the two thousand five hundred, twain only returned to their native land: the one a Captain, the other an Ensign. In short, of all the forces which the Lord

of la Palisse had brought with him, he had not three hundred horse, nor three thousand foot in a healthy condition.

Seeing that this calamity was come upon him, he became earnest to return, which the Emperor's people not approving, high words passed between them. However, he went to St. Bonifacio, that village where the Venetians had held their camp so long the preceding year, and abode there some little time; at which juncture the Lord of le Reu, a native of Burgundy, went to visit a Castle that the Emperor had given him, and was taken by the Albanians of the Seigniory of Venice. Men said that the Lord *Mercure*, who was likewise in the Emperor's service, played him this trick because he laid claim to the place as well as himself. I can only speak as to what actually occurred.

The Lord Jean Jacques in these two years reconquered Mirandola with the army of the King of France, and drove that of the Pope from before Bologna, where it was defeated without putting hand to sword, and his Holiness himself had like to have been taken in the town. A more wretched camp was never beheld; for they belonging to it lost all their baggage, artillery, tents, and pavi-

lions; and one Frenchman alone carried away prisoners five or six of the Pope's gendarms. There was a man with a wooden leg, called La Baulme, who had three bound together. It was a signal overthrow, and nobly executed. The good Knight without fear and without reproach distinguished himself greatly therein; for he led the first light horsemen, and, on the evening of the defeat, the Lord Jean Jacques did him the honour to declare at supper time that the glory of the victory was due, after God, to the Lord of Bayard. There were many valiant Captains present when he uttered these words; and he was so honest and so wise that he would not have spoken them without good reason.

On his return the worthy Duke of Nemours went to see the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara in their own town, where he was received with exceeding pleasure, and had many feasts given him, agreeably to the custom of the country; for the gentle Dutchess knew well how to conduct those sorts of entertainments.

While he was there, a combat took place between two Spaniards, which I shall give a recital of.

CHAPTER XLVII.

How two Spaniards fought desperately in the City of Ferrara.

THE same day that this noble duke of Nemours arrived at Ferrara, the Baron of Bearn told him he might divert himself if he listed with the sight of a furious combat between two Spaniards, of whom one was named Sta. Cruz, and had been a Colonel of foot in the service of the Pope; the other, Señor Azevedo, had also had some charge of the said infantry. The occasion of the duel was Azevedo's having said that Captain Sta. Cruz had wickedly endeavoured to compass his death by treachery, and that he would fight him thereupon. The other replied that it was false, and he would maintain the same in combat. Wherefore the said Azevedo had come to Ferrara, for the purpose of presenting himself to the Duke of Nemours, and prevailing upon him to grant permission for the fight: which he did, when the affair had been represented to him by the Baron

of Bearn. Azevedo, delighted at having gained his point, sent word of it forthwith to his enemy Sta. Cruz, who made no long tarrying. Meantime, the field was prepared before the Palace against he came; and, two days after, when he arrived well attended, having with him full an hundred horse, among the rest, Don Pedro de Acunha, Knight of Rhodes and Prior of Messina, (the most eminent man of the company,) whom he took for his second, Don François de Beaumont, who had quitted the service of the King of France a little while before, and others, it was resolved that the combat should take place. They entered the lists on a Tuesday, an hour past noon. First came the assailant, which was Azevedo, with the Lord Federigo di Bozzolo, of the House of Gonzaga, whom he had chosen for his second. He had not yet learned how and with what arms his adversary chose to fight. However, being well advised, he was furnished with all that was necessary for a combatant on foot or horseback, in every imaginable method of fighting. Soon after he entered, the Prior of Messina approached him, with two *secrettes*,* two very sharp rapiers, and two poniards, which he had carried by his side;

* We presume, from Du Cange, that the *secrette* was a kind of axe. See his Glossary, vol. vi. p. 314. at the word *secures*.

and presented to Señor Azevedo for him to choose out of; who took what he needed.

This done, Sta. Cruz placed himself within the lists. Both fell upon their knees, and made their prayers to God. Then they were examined by the seconds, to see if they had any arms concealed under their clothes; and after that the field was cleared, none remaining therein but the two combatants, the two seconds, and the good Knight without fear and without reproach, whom, as one that understood such things as well as any man living, the Duke of Ferrara, to do him honour, had appointed master and keeper of the field. The Herald began to cry aloud, as customary on such occasions, that no one was to make any sign, either by spitting, coughing, or otherwise, whereby either of the combatants might be instructed. These preliminaries being ended, they marched up to one another. Azevedo held his rapier in his right hand and his poniard in the other. But Sta. Cruz put his poniard into the scabbard, and held only his rapier. Now you may suppose how deadly the combat must have been, as they wore no defensive armour of any kind. They aimed at each other some dexterous blows, both being active and alert, as was very needful.

Now, after many thrusts, Sta. Cruz made a dangerous pass at his adversary's face : but Azevedo skilfully parried it with his rapier, which, in descending, pierced the top of his enemy's thigh even to the bone, so that the blood gushed out in great abundance. Sta. Cruz would have stepped forward to avenge himself, but fell ; which Azevedo seeing with joy approached his enemy, and exclaimed in his language : " Yield, Sta. Cruz, or I slay thee : " he made no answer, but sat upright grasping his sword, and declaring that he was resolved to die rather than surrender. Thereat Azevedo said : " Rise then, Sta. Cruz, I could never strike thee thus." This he did to his extreme peril, like one desperate, and, out of his great heart, raised himself, and advanced two steps forward, thinking to run his enemy through, who retreated a step, putting by his thrust. So Sta. Cruz fell a second time with his face almost to the earth, and Azevedo raised his sword to cut off his head : which he might easily have done had he chosen it ; but he withheld the blow, and for all that Sta. Cruz would not yield. The Dutchess of Ferrara, in whose company was the gentle Duke of Nemours, besought him with clasped hands to have them parted. He replied : " Madam, for your sake I should

be well pleased to do so. But I cannot rightfully interfere with the conqueror against reason, neither ought I to do it." Sta. Cruz was losing all the blood in his body, and, had he remained in that state much longer, must inevitably have died. Wherefore the Prior of Messina, who was his second, went to Azevedo and said: "Señor Azevedo, I know well from the spirit of Captain Sta. Cruz that he will sooner die than surrender; and, since there is no other expedient in the case, I give myself up for him." Thus he came off victorious, and, throwing himself on both knees, returned most humble thanks to God. A surgeon came immediately, and stanchd the blood that gushed from the wound of Sta. Cruz. His people took him up, and bore him off the field, together with his arms, which Azevedo sent to demand; but they would not part with them. Whereat he went and complained to the Duke, who told it the good Knight, deputing him to signify to Sta. Cruz, that, if he would not yield up his arms, as vanquished, the Duke would have him brought back into the lists, where his wound should be ripped open, and he put into the condition wherein he had been left by his enemy, when his second surrendered for him. Finding himself thus compelled

he resigned his arms to Bayard, and he, as right was, delivered them to Señor Azevedo; who was conducted to the house of the Duke of Nemours with sound of trumpet and clarion.

A little while before a duel had been fought at Parma between two other Spaniards. The one, named Señor Peralta, had formerly been in the service of the King of France, and was killed by a falcon-shot, at the time when the Lord Jean Jacques routed the Pope's army; the other was a Captain Aldano. Their combat was on horseback, with short stirrups: their weapons, the rapier, poniard, and three darts apiece, together with a target. Peralta's second was a Spaniard; Aldano's the worthy Captain Molart. It had snowed so much that the fight was performed in the market-place of Parma, which was cleared for the purpose, and there were no other barriers but those formed by the snow. Each of the combatants played his part very well. In the end the Lord of Chaumont, who had given permission for the fight, commanded that they should separate with equal honour.

At this time the Venetians went to besiege Verona, then held by the Lord of Plessis for the King of France, who had it by way of pledge for

some money that he had lent the Emperor. However they did not succeed in their attempt, and were obliged to raise the siege by the Lord of Chaumont, Governor of Milan.

The army of the Pope and the Spaniards moreover sat down before Bologna; but that siege was likewise raised, and the enemy retired into Romagna.

Some time after, at a place named Coreggio, died the good Lord of Chaumont, that worthy Knight, who had so well guarded Lombardy, during the space of ten or twelve years, for his master the King of France. He had been a wise, virtuous, circumspect Lord, of great vigilance, and that understood his affairs well. Death seized upon him somewhat prematurely; for at the time of his decease he was only thirty eight years old, and not five and twenty when he was first entrusted with the government of the Dutchy of Milan. God in mercy grant him remission of his offences! for he was a good man all his life long.

A little while after the King of France sent into Italy his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Longueville: who caused a new oath of allegiance to be taken by all that held the towns and strong-

holds of the Dutchy of Milan to the King his master, and his eldest daughter, the Lady Claude of France. After tarrying there some days he returned; and soon afterwards the worthy Duke of Nemours was created Lieutenant General, as the Lord of Chaumont had been before. He had not long enjoyed this dignity when death overtook him, a circumstance much lamented by all worthy persons.

At the end of the year 1511, about Christmas, a numerous troop of Swiss came down, whom the said Duke went out to meet, with some forces, but was not strong enough to fight them in the open country: seeing that the greater part of his men were in garrison at Verona, Bologna, and other towns. Skirmishes took place ever and anon. However the French were driven back into Milan, whither, on the same day, the Lord of Conty, Captain of an hundred horse, went to make an incursion, but met with very ill success; for he lost eight or ten men, and was sore wounded, insomuch that he died in the town of Milan. Next day he was fully avenged by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, his great companion and friend, who took the field, and overthrew five hundred Swiss on the

very spot where the Lord of Conty had received his death blow. Some days the Swiss continued before Milan, till provisions failed them. By reason whereof they were obliged to enter into a composition, and to go their way. This same composition was negotiated by their Captain General, who had brought them thither, Baron Superfax, with the Duke of Nemours, in a place near Milan called St. Angelo. The Swiss returned; but this descent of theirs did very great scath to the Dutchy, as they burnt fifteen or twenty great villages.

Soon after, the Duke of Nemours, hearing that the Spanish army was approaching Bologna to besiege it, repaired to a village near Ferrara, named Finale, assembled all the army there, and quartered it round about.

While the said army was marching straight to Finale the noble Duke of Nemours passed through a little town of the name of Carpi, with great part of the Captains, especially all those whom he loved and trusted the most. He abode two days there, and was vastly well entertained by the Lord of the town, who had the reputation of being a great master in the learning both of the Greeks and Romans. He was cousin german to Giovanni

Francesco Pio, Count of Mirandola, and hight himself Alberto Pio, Count of Carpi. He supped with the Duke of Nemours and the French Captains, on the evening of their arrival, and they had much discourse together: among other topics, of an astrologer, by some called a sooth-sayer, then in the town of Carpi: how wondrously he spake concerning things past, whereof he had never had any information; and what was more, how he foretold things to come. It certainly ought to be acknowledged by all true Christians that God alone can see into futurity: yet this astrologer of Carpi said so many things, and to so many different people, which afterwards proved true, that he turned the heads of a number.

When the gentle Duke of Nemours heard him spoken of, being, like most young people, fond of the wonderful, he entreated the Count to send for him. Which he did, and the man obeyed the summons immediately. He might be about sixty years of age, lean, and of middling stature. The Duke of Nemours stretched out his hand to him, and asked him how he did. He answered with great propriety. Much conversation passed, and the Duke inquired of him, among other things, if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spaniards would

stay to join battle. He said they would, and that on his life the engagement would fall out upon Good Friday, or Easter Sunday, and would be a very bloody one. He was asked which side would gain the victory. He made reply in these very words: "The French will keep the field, and the Spaniards will sustain the heaviest and most grievous loss they have experienced for these hundred years. But the French will gain little thereby, for they will lose a number of men, and much both of credit and substance; a thing greatly to be regretted." He spake so as it was wonderful to hear. The Lord of la Palisse asked him if he should fall in this battle; he replied, that he certainly would not, that he would live at least twelve years longer, but be slain in another engagement. The same said he to the Lord of Humbercourt, and he told Captain Richebourg that he would run great risk of being killed by lightning. In short there were few of the company who did not put questions to him respecting their own concerns.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach, who was present, laughed at all this, and the gentle Duke of Nemours said to him: "My Lord Bayard, my friend, I pray you interrogate our Master a little as to what will become of you."

“ It is needless to inquire about that,” replied he, “ as I am perfectly sure I shall never come to any thing very great : however, since it is your pleasure, I will do so.” Then he said to the astrologer : “ My good Master, pray tell me whether I shall ever become a mighty rich man.” He replied : “ You shall be rich in honour and virtue, as any Captain of France that ever lived : but of the goods of fortune you shall possess few ; them indeed you do not covet. And verily can I affirm that you will serve another King of France beside the one who now reigns, and whom you at present serve, and he will love and esteem you much : but envious persons will prevent his ever bestowing much wealth upon you, or advancing you to the honours you will have merited. Nevertheless lay not the blame on him.” “ And shall I escape from this battle, which you say is to prove such a bloody one ?” “ Yea,” said he, “ but you will die in war within twelve years at farthest, and will be slain by artillery. Otherwise you would never end your days in the field, as you are so beloved by those under your command, that they would sooner die than leave you in jeopardy.”

“ In short it was as good as a comedy to hear

the interrogatories that were put to him by every one. He observed that, among all the Captains, the Lord of la Palisse and the good Knight were the most intimate with the Duke of Nemours. He drew them both aside, and said to them in his language: "My Lords, I see you have a great love for this noble Prince, your chief, and well doth he merit to be loved; for his face wonderfully bespeaks the goodness of his nature. Give heed to him on the day of the battle, for he is like to fall therein; if he survive that he will be one of the greatest, most exalted personages that France ever produced. But I perceive he will have much ado to escape. Therefore think upon it well, for I give you leave to cut off my head if he be not in as great danger of death as ever man was." Cursed be the hour, alas! whereof he prophesied so truly. The good Prince of Nemours asked them smiling: "What said he to you, my Lords?" the good Knight replied, changing the subject; "Sir, my Lord of La Palisse hath been inquiring of him whether he be as well loved of Refuge as Viverots. He answers 'no,' whereat he is not over well content." At this pleasant speech my Lord of Nemours begun to laugh, and had no suspicion but that it was really so.

In the mean while an adventurer joined the company, that had the reputation of being a gallant fellow, but extremely vicious; he was called Jacquin Caumont, and held the office of Standardbearer in one of Captain Molart's bands. Willing to have his pastime, like the rest, he went up to the astrologer, and drew him aside: "Come tell me my fortune," said he, addressing him by some opprobrious appellation. The man felt himself insulted, and angrily replied: "Begone; I'll tell you nothing; you lie in calling me what you do." Many of the Gentlemen that were present said to Jacquin, "You are in the wrong, Captain; you have a mind to amuse yourself with him, and you flout him with scurrile terms." So by degrees he came about, and spoke much more civilly, saying; "Friend master, if I have let fall an idle word, I beg your pardon;" and he went on in this strain till he succeeded in pacifying him. Then he showed him his hand; for the astrologer consulted both the hands and the countenance. When he had looked at that of Jacquin, he said to him in his language; "Pray make no inquiries of me; for I can tell you nothing good." Upon this all the company begun to laugh, and Jacquin, much disconcerted at their merriment, said again to the

astrologer, "It is all one; tell me what you see here; I am sure that I cannot be a cuckold because I have no wife." Being thus pressed he said: "Do you wish to know of your own concerns?" "Ay," said Jacquin. "Then look to your soul in good time," said the astrologer, "for ere six months are over you will be hung and strangled." Thereupon the hearers begun to laugh at a great rate, never imagining that it would really come to pass; for the thing had no appearance at that time, as he enjoyed much credit among the infantry; they thought too that the master said it because Jacquin had abused him at the first; but never was any thing more true. And, as there is a common proverb, "He that's born to be hanged needs fear no drowning," I will tell you what became of him.

Two or three days after this the Duke of Nemours arrived at Finale, which is a great village, with a very deep canal running in the midst of it, previous to its falling into the Po, and crossed by a wooden bridge; thereon more than an hundred barks arrived daily, freighted with all sorts of provisions for the French. It happened one night when Jacquin had well supped, that he went, about the ninth hour, with a number of Swiss bearing torches

and timbrels, to the lodging of his Captain, the Lord of Molart, armed at all points, mounted on a very fine courser, and equipped like a St. George; for either by his pay or by plunder he was very well furnished with apparel, and had three or four great horses, as he hoped at the close of the war to be enrolled among the ordinary gendarms.

When the Lord of Molart saw him in this trim, and considered the time of night, he began to laugh, perceiving clearly that the malmsey had disordered his brain a little. So he said to him, "How now, Captain Jacquin, are you minded to leave off trailing a pike?" "By no means, my Lord," quoth he; "but I pray you conduct me to the lodging of my Lord of Nemours, and let him see me break the lance I hold in my hand before him, in order that he may learn whether a *saulte-buisson* will not run at tilt as well as a lean jade." Captain Molart thought the affair had better be suffered to proceed, as it might furnish amusement to the Duke of Nemours, and all the company. Under his conduct, therefore, Jacquin passed the wooden bridge that crossed the canal on horseback; for the foot were lodged on one side and the horse on the other. When he arrived at the Duke of Nemours his abode, that Prince,

and the company that were with him, on being apprized of the circumstance, came out of the house, expecting to have some sport: and, as soon as they were in the street, Jacquin, better stored with wine than aught else, and surrounded by torches that made it as light as day, placed himself in the lists.

Then the Duke of Nemours cried out to him: "Captain Jacquin, is it for your Lady's love, or for mine, that you mean to break this lance?" He made answer, swearing by God, as is the custom of adventurers, "that it was for love of him; and that he was a fit man to serve the King both on foot and horseback." So he lowered his visor, and tilted after the best fashion that he could; but was unable to break his lance. He tried again, but with no better success; and so on for a second and a third time. When the company saw he could do nought better, they were displeased, and went away and left him. Whether he had performed ill or well he set out upon his return home, at a leisurely pace. Now Jacquin had heated his horse to such a degree that he went frisking all the way along: add to which that he did not manage him over well, spurring unnecessarily, and when he got upon the wooden bridge, he still kept tickling of

him. It had rained a little, so that as the animal was making a slight leap his four legs slipped, and man and horse fell into the canal, which contained at least half a spear's depth of water. They who were with him cried out "Help! Help!" No assistance could be rendered him from above; as this canal was made after the fashion of a flat bottomed ditch; and, had it not been for the number of barks thereon, neither foot nor hand of him would ever have been seen again. The horse disengaged himself from his rider, and swam for more than a quarter of an hour, before he could find means to escape. At length he reached a place which had been lowered for the convenience of watering horses, and there got to land.

Captain Jacquin, that valiant man of arms, tumbled in the water for a long time; but at last was saved as it were by miracle, being taken up of them that were in the barks, more dead than alive however. He was immediately disarmed and suspended by the feet, in which situation he soon brought up two or three buckets full of water, and remained speechless for six hours. However my Lord of Nemours his physicians visited him, and rendered him such effectual aid that in two days he was as well and jolly as ever. By his

fellow adventurers he was finely jeered, as may easily be imagined; one said to him, "Ah! Captain Jacquin, will you ever again take it into your head to run at tilt at the ninth hour of the night in winter?" Another remarked; "Still it is far better to be a *saulte-buisson* than a lean jade; one hath not so far to fall." In short he was handled as he deserved. But that surprises me not so much as that he should have been preserved from perishing in the canal, armed as he was at all points. And this it is that induces me to give the incident a place in my history, as it comes in opportunely after mention of the astrologer of Carpi, who told him that he would be hung and strangled, as he was on the Tuesday in Easter week ensuing, the day of the furious battle of Ravenna, whereof more hereafter.

While this noble Duke of Nemours was at Finale, awaiting tidings of his enemies, he set off one day and went to visit the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara in their town, who entertained him (well as they had done it in times past) now better than ever. He abode there five or six days amid pleasant and honourable pastimes, and carried away the colours of the Dutchess, which were black and grey. Then he returned to his camp, where

he had certain information that, unless Bologna were succoured, that town and its inhabitants might be given up for lost; wherefore he assembled all the Captains to deliberate concerning this matter. It was therefore concluded upon that they should go and cause the siege to be raised. The season was unfavourable for riding, it being the end of January. However he left Finale, and, took the direct road to Bologna, during which journey of his a very sinister event took place; the town of Brescia fell again into the hands of the Venetians.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How Messer Andrea Gritti, Proveditore of the Seigniorie of Venice, by means of Luigi Avogaro, retook the town of Brescia.

THE Venetians, among other things, daily sought means to recover Brescia, which is one of the finest and strongest cities in Europe, and is supplied with all sorts of provisions that can be desired for the support of nature. Within it spring so many delightful fountains, that it is quite a terrestrial Paradise. Three valliés among the mountains terminate near this town, one stretching out from Germany, the other two from betwixt Friuli and Venice; and they are called La Val Camonegua, La Val Tropia, and La Val Zobia. By one of the three succours can always be conveyed to the town, which was at that time manned with the forces of the King of France, and had the Lord of le Lude for Governor, and for Captain of the Castle a Gentleman named Herigoye, from the country of Basque.

The ardent desire which the Venetians had to retake Brescia was not without reason; for thereby they would be enabled to starve them within Verona, and oppose any that might leave Milan for the sake of bringing them provisions. But they could find no way to get it into their hands again, nor to surprize them who kept it, unless they could have intelligence with some person of consideration in the town; and, although the inhabitants were inclined to the interest of the Venetians, no one durst engage in such a business; because, a little while before, the late Lord of Conty, and the good Knight, on account of a surprize they had like to have met with, had beheaded one of the most eminent men of the town, and of one of the highest families, named Count Giovanni Maria *Martinengue*, he being the head of it; and many others were confined in France. However, the Devil, that enemy to the repose of mankind, was minded to employ his arts, and sowed a dissension in the town between two great Houses, the one of Gambara, the other of Avogaro: but that of Gambara was by far the most favoured of the French.

One day there arose a quarrel between a son of Count Gambara and a son of Count Luigi

Avogaro: in such sort, that the former, who was well attended, outrageously wounded the latter. Count Avogaro knew not how to revenge himself, the force within the town being none of his; he therefore repaired to Milan. There he sought the Duke of Nemours, to obtain from him justice and reparation. The good Prince was very willing to afford it, and granted warrants for the gaining of information, and doing right to every one. I know not how it happened, but the thing fell to the ground. Wherefore, as a man that had suffered an injury without being able to obtain satisfaction, he grew desperate, and resolved to give a loose to his resentment. Under colour of spending eight or ten days at an estate of his, he goes to Venice, and applies to the Duke and the Seigniory, prevailing upon them to repossess themselves of the good town of Brescia; and, for this purpose, he instructed them in the measures they must pursue, which in the sequel proved effectual. What hearty welcome he received may easily be imagined; for this town of Brescia was the darling daughter of St. Mark. He was entertained like a King for thrée or four days, during which time the Venetians came to a conclusion in their affair; it being settled that, on

a day by them fixed and appointed, Messer Andrea Gritti should appear without fail before the town, accompanied by seven or eight thousand fighting men, beside peasants who would come down from the mountains; and that he, meantime, should go and gain people in the town, and make preparations. He went, and secretly seduced and won to his purpose the greater part of the inhabitants.

The Lord of le Lude had no great confidence in them, and kept strict watch every day: but his forces were very insufficient to defend him against the populace, should they prove evilly disposed, as all or most part of them were. Five or six days after, the Venetians came as soon as it was light to one of the gates; where finding a guard they sounded the alarm. The Lord of le Lude prepared incontinently to fall upon them there; but while the French were held in play at the gate, part of the enemies broke certain grates of iron, whereby the filth of the town issued out, and began to enter, shouting, "*Marco! Marco!*" At the same time Count Luigi Avogaro rose up with all his faction, so that you might have seen the whole town in arms. When the poor Lord of le Lude perceived that he was betrayed, he ordered

his men to sound the retreat, and retired with them to the Castle as well as he could; but all the horses, armour, and accoutrements they were forced to relinquish. The Countess of Gambara, who was on the side of the French, and all who were for the King of France, took refuge there. While these things were a doing, the gates were opened, and Messer Andrea Gritti admitted. It was a lamentable event; for all the French within the town were cut to pieces without mercy, not one being spared; which, however, the perpetrators paid dearly for in the end, as will be seen hereafter.

The first thing Count Luigi Avogaro did when he felt his power, was to pull down and demolish the houses of the Gambara family. The Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti, knew well that to have the town did not make him the strongest, unless he had the Castle too; as by that it might easily be retaken. So he sent a trumpeter to summon it directly; but lost his labour, so well was it furnished with gallant Knights. However a sufficiency of provisions for such as had entered could not have held out long; and moreover the Proveditore had the place terribly cannonaded, and a great breach made therein. Likewise, he

forthwith caused two engines to be erected, after the fashion of cranes, each whereof carried an hundred men abreast, for the purpose of approaching the fort. In short, he left no stone unturned to take the Castle. The Lord of le Lude and Captain Herigoye, much confounded at the treachery that had been employed against them, despatched a man to the Duke, who was gone with all his force to Bologna, for the purpose of signifying to him the misfortune that had befallen them; and moreover that, unless they were succoured within eight days, they should be undone.

The messenger got away safely, although the passes were guarded, and made such good speed that he arrived before Bologna on the very day that the worthy Duke had forced the enemy to raise the siege, and had recruited the town with men and provisions. The letter was presented to him, which the good Prince opened and read. He looked aghast when the news broke upon him of the unfortunate event that had taken place at Brescia; for, next to the Castle of Milan, it was the most important fortress which the French held in Italy. The Captains were assembled, and came to the conclusion that they must return in all haste, and retake it if possible; which they

deemed easy to execute, provided the Castle were not lost. After this resolution there was no further debate ; but all prepared for their departure, and set out on their journey.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of the great diligence used by the worthy Duke of Nemours to retake Brescia; and how he defeated the Venetian General by the way, together with five or six thousand men.

WHEN Messer Andrea Gritti was lord and master of the town of Brescia, and had laid siege to the Castle, as hath been related, he did not stop there, well knowing that, as soon as the Duke of Nemours, who was gone to relieve Bologna, heard of the same, he would immediately return; in which case, if he were not strong within the town, and able to cope with the Duke in battle in the open country, he should run great risk of utter destruction; so he wrote a letter to the heads of the Seigniory, and sent it off with all speed. Therein he gave them to understand, that, for the preservation of the town of Brescia, by him taken, it was highly necessary to despatch succours sufficient both to defend it, and, on an emergency, to give battle to the French in the field, and that by

means of Brescia they might recover all their lands. This request was deemed reasonable, and of the greatest concernment. Accordingly, Messer Gian Pagolo Baglione, then Captain General of the Seigniory, was sent off incontinently, accompanied by four hundred horse, and as many thousand foot, with orders to march night and day, and get speedily into Brescia.

When he understood the will of the Seigniory, he addressed himself to comply therewith, and set out upon his journey as soon as possible. On the other side, the Duke of Nemours was marching so diligently that one riding a curtal worth an hundred crowns could not have made greater progress than he did in a day with all his army. At length he approached a Castle named Valeggio, which held for the King of France, but which Captain Gian Pagolo Baglione thought to take by the way. And his tarrying there proved greatly to his disadvantage; for it was told the Duke of Nemours, who that day caused his army to march thirty miles, in the dead of winter, it being the middle of February; insomuch that he was now nearer Brescia than Baglione, who was met by the French in a pass. He had five or six pieces of artillery, which he caused to be

discharged, and one of them killed the Lord of Teligny's Standardbearer, a very praiseworthy Gentleman, who was leading the first light horsemen along with the good Knight.

Bayard had been suffering from the ague all night, and was not armed, but had on a black velvet riding dress. However, when he found himself necessitated to fight, he borrowed a corslet of an adventurer, put it underneath the dress above-mentioned, and mounted a mettled courser; then with his companion, the Lord of Teligny, marched straight up to the enemy. The main body of the French vanguard was still a long way off. Nevertheless, they forbore not to charge, and there ensued a rough and vehement encounter, which lasted, without pause, for a quarter of an hour. Meantime, news thereof reached the camp, and fresh forces were sent to the aid of the French. But, when the Captain of the Seigniory saw them approach, he turned his back, retiring along the road by which he had come. He was pursued for a long time, but could never be taken. His infantry, and great part of his cavalry, were left dead on the field, and he lost all his ordnance. It was a signal overthrow, and a profitable one to the French; for, had the Venetians entered

Brescia, it never could have been retaken. The Duke of Nemours was both rejoiced and grieved at this noble rencounter: rejoiced at being victorious, grieved that he had not been present when it took place.

The event was quickly reported at the Castle of Brescia, where they within made bonfires in five or six places, as it assured them of being relieved within two days. The joy it excited at the Castle was equalled by the dejection into which they of the town were cast on account thereof, as they well knew it must prove their ruin. And the inhabitants would willingly have turned round again, and besought Messer Andrea Gritti to retire; but he would not be persuaded to do so, which worked him woe in the end. That noble Prince, the Duke of Nemours, after the defeat of Gian Pagolo Baglione, came and encamped within twenty miles of Brescia, and next day at the foot of the Castle. On the march a number of peasants were found assembled in a little village, who offered resistance, but were all cut to pieces at last. When the French army arrived some Captains immediately went up into the Castle to cheer the Lord of le Lude and Captain Herigoye and all within, and abundance of victuals

was carried thither. Thereat for joy they made eighteen or twenty shots of artillery into the town, marks of festivity which the inhabitants would gladly have excused. Next day, the Duke of Nemours, as well as the Captains, and the army, went up to the Castle, and there was it agreed to make the assault upon the town, which proved a dire, bloody, and desperate one.

CHAPTER L.

How the Duke of Nemours retook the town of Brescia from them of the Seigniory, on which occasion the good Knight without fear and without reproach acquired much honour; and how he was wounded almost to death.

THE Duke of Nemours, who loved not to dream over his affairs, assembled all his Captains, as soon as he was in the Castle, to determine upon what was to be done; for there were a vast number of people within the town, to wit, eight thousand soldiers, and twelve or fourteen thousand boors of the country, who had flocked to them. Thus the town was wonderful strong. This advantage there was, that you descended from the Castle to the Citadel without meeting a single foss that offered much impediment. However the enemy had constructed a good rampart.

Now the whole of the King of France his host did not contain more than twelve thousand fighting men, as a great part of it remained at Bologna. However, in these few there could no

fault be found; seeing that they were the very flower of Knighthood. And I believe a gallanter company, for their number, had not been seen in the course of an hundred years. Moreover, in addition to the willingness they felt to serve their good master the King of France, this worthy Duke of Nemours had so gained the hearts of the Gentlemen and of the adventurers, that they were all ready to lay down their lives for him. They being convened to council, the Duke asked the opinions of all the Captains, which every one expressed to the best of his ability. In conclusion, it was ordained that the assault should be made on the morrow morning, between the hours of eight and nine, and that the arrangement of it should be as follows. The Lord of Molart, with his infantry, was to make the first attack; but Captain Herigoye and his men were to go before him and skirmish. After them, in a troop, were to march Captain Jacob, who was with the Emperor Maximilian before Padua in the Prince of Anhalt's band, but had been won to the service of the King of France, and had at that time two thousand Lansquenets under his charge; Captains Bonnet, Maugiron, the Bastard of Cleves, and others, to the number of seven thousand men. The Duke of

Nemours, the Gentlemen conducted by the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, with the main body of the gendarmery, were to march afoot by their side, with helmets on their heads and cuirasses on their backs. The Lord of Alegre was to be on horseback at the gate of St. Giovanni, the only one which the enemies kept open; for they had blocked up the rest with three hundred horse to prevent any from going out.

The valiant Captain La Palisse was not at the assault, having been wounded in the head the evening before by a splinter of a cannon, which had been discharged from the town at the Castle. This arrangement met with the approbation of every one except the good Knight, who, after the Duke had addressed him, in his turn, replied: "With your Lordship's leave, and that of all the other Gentlemen, it appears to me that there is one thing necessary to be done which hath not yet been mentioned." The Duke of Nemours asked him what that was. He answered, "You are going to send my Lord of Molart to force the first line: on him I have the firmest reliance, that he will stand fast, as well as many worthy persons of his company. But if our foes have any

well armed men with them, that understand fighting, as I believe they have, you may be sure they will put them foremost, and the arquebusiers also. Now, on such occasions, it is of moment, never, if possible, to give back. And if, peradventure, they repulsed the said infantry, and there were no gendarms to support them, great disorder might ensue. Wherefore, I am of opinion that the Lord of Molart should be accompanied by an hundred or an hundred and fifty horsemen, as they will sustain the shock better than infantry, who are not armed after the same fashion." Then replied the Duke of Nemours: "You say truly, my Lord of Bayard; but where is the Captain that will put himself at the mercy of their arquebuses?" "I will, if it please you," said the good Knight; "and be assured that the company whereof I have charge will this day do honour to the King and you, and service that you shall be sensible of." When he had spoken, all the Captains looked at each other, for, in very deed, it was a most hazardous business. However, he asked the charge, and obtained it.

When all was concluded, "Again," said the Duke of Nemours: "My Lords, it is fit that, with God's grace, we look to one thing. You see

plainly that if this town is taken by assault it will be plundered and ruined, and all within slaughtered. We should learn of them, ere they undergo this fate, whether or no they will surrender." The proposal was deemed good, and next morning one of the trumpets was sent thither, who blew a blast ere he quitted the Castle, and marched up to the enemy's first rampart, where were the Proveditore Messer Andrea Gritti and all the Captains. When the trumpet arrived, he demanded entrance into the town. He was told that he must not come in, but might say what he would, as they had authority to give him his answer.

Thereupon he delivered the message whereof I have been speaking, that if they would yield up the town they should be suffered to depart with their lives, but otherwise, if it were taken by storm, they would assuredly all be put to death. He was told that he might go his way, that the town was the Seigniory's, and so should remain, and, moreover, that they would take good care no Frenchman set foot within it. Alas! the poor inhabitants would gladly have surrendered: but they had not the upper-hand. The trumpet returned, and brought back his answer. Which being heard, there was no further delay, except

while the noble Duke of Nemours, who already had his men in order of battle, spoke thus: "Now, Gentlemen, we have only to perform well, and show ourselves gallant comrades; let us march in the name of God and St. Denis." The words were no sooner uttered than tabours, trumpets, and clarions sounded the assault and the alarm so impetuously, that the hair of the cowardly stood on end, and the hearts of the brave swelled in their bosoms.

The enemy, hearing this noise, made many shots of artillery, one of which came right into the Duke of Nemours his troop, without killing or wounding any one,—a thing almost miraculous, considering how closely they marched. Then the Lord of Molart and Captain Herigoye set forward with their people; at the same time, and on their wing, the good and gentle Knight without fear and without reproach went afoot with all his company, who were chosen men: for most of his gendarms had been Captains in their time; but they had rather be of his company, (a good half of them at least,) than of any other, so much did his virtues cause him to be loved. They drew nigh to the first rampart, behind which were the enemies' forces, who began to play their

artillery, and discharge their arquebuses as thick as hail. A little rain had fallen,—the Castle was on a hill, and consequently the descent to the town somewhat slippery. But the Duke of Nemours, to show that he would not be among the last, doffed his shoes. After his example, many others did the same; for, indeed, they supported themselves better without them.

The good Knight and the Lord of Molart fought furiously at this rampart, which, on the other hand, was defended passing well. The French cried "France! France!" they of the good Knight's company, "*Bayard! Bayard!*" the foe, "*Marco! Marco!*" In short, the noise they made completely drowned that of the arquebuses. Messer Andrea Gritti inspired his men with prodigious courage, saying to them in his Italian tongue: "Let us stand fast, my friends; the French will soon be weary: they have only forced the first line; and, if that Bayard were defeated, they would never be able to approach." He was much deceived, for, great as was his resolution to keep off the French, an hundred times greater was theirs to get in. They made a vehement assault, and repulsed the Venetians a little. Which the good Knight per-

ceiving, said: "In, comrades, in! we have them: march: every thing is overcome." He entered himself first, and passed the rampart, and after him more than a thousand. So that they gained the first fort, though not without much fighting, while men fell on all sides, but few of the French. The good Knight was wounded at the top of the thigh by a pike, which pierced so deep that the end broke, and the iron, with part of the staff, remained in the wound; causing him such anguish that he surely thought he had received his death blow. He therefore said to the Lord of Molart, "Companion, make your men march; the town is gained; as for me, I can go no farther: I am slain." The blood gushed out from him in abundance: so he was obliged, if he would not die there without confession, to retire from the crowd with two of his archers, who stanchd his wound as well as they could with their shirts, tearing them for the purpose.

The poor Lord of Molart, bitterly afflicted at the loss of his friend and neighbour, (for both were of the *Scarlet of the French Gentlemen*,) determined, fierce as a lion, to avenge him, and commenced a vigorous attack. Then followed the gentle Duke of Nemours and his men, who

heard, as he went along, that the good Knight had won the first fort, but had been mortally wounded. Had he received the blow himself, he could not have felt more pain. "Ah! Gentlemen, my friends," cried he, "shall we not avenge upon these wretches the death of the most accomplished Knight in the world? I entreat you all to do your utmost." At his coming, the Venetians were roughly handled, and forsook the Citadel, making as though they would retire toward the town, and raise the bridge. But they were so hotly pursued that they passed the Palace and ran helter-skelter into the great square, wherein was their whole power, the gendarmery and light horse, which were mounted, together with the foot, all in battle array, according to their rank.

There did the Lansquenets and adventurers approve their gallantry. Captain Bonnet displayed great valour, and, advancing a pike's length from his troop, marched straight up to the enemy, being also well supported. The combat lasted half an hour or more. The citizens and the women of the town threw from the windows great bricks and stones, with hot water, which did the French more damage than the soldiers.

Notwithstanding this, the Venetians were at length defeated, and seven or eight thousand of them were left so sound asleep on that great square that they will not wake in an hundred years. The rest, seeing themselves not over safe, ran from street to street, seeking a way to escape; but, to their cost, met every where with armed men, who slaughtered them like swine. Messer Andrea Gritti, Count Luigi Avogaro, and other Captains, were on horseback; and when they saw the rout all upon them would have attempted some means to save their lives, and made for the gate of St. Giovanni, thinking to go out. So they caused the bridge to be lowered, and cried "*Marco! Marco! Italia! Italia!*" but with the voices of men in a terrible consternation. No sooner was the bridge let down than the Lord of Alegre, a good and active Captain, entered the town with his horse, and, crying "France! France!" charged the Venetians, all or most part of whom he laid on the ground,—among others Count Luigi Avogaro, who had mounted a fleet mare capable of going fifty miles at full speed without stopping to be fed.

The Proveditore saw that he should be inevitably undone if he stayed any longer. Wherefore,

after flying from street to street to escape the fury of the foe, he dismounted, entered a house, with only one of his people, and put himself upon his defence for some little while. But, dreading a still worse fate, he at length had the house opened, and was taken prisoner. In brief not a man of the Venetians escaped being either killed or taken. This was one of the most terrible assaults that hath ever been witnessed; for the number of slain of the Seigniory's forces, together with those of the town, amounted to more than twenty thousand: whereas the French did not lose above fifty men, which was a singular piece of good fortune. Now when there remained no longer any to contend with, every one set about plundering the houses, and many grievous things happened; for it may easily be imagined that on this, as on all similar occasions, there were a number of miscreants, who entered Monasteries, and committed many excesses; they robbed and pillaged in divers ways, so that the booty got in the town was rated at three millions of crowns. Certain it is, that the taking of Brescia was the ruin of the French cause in Italy: for they had gained so much, that a great part of them returning home forsook the war, and were much needed afterwards at the

battle of Ravenna, as will be seen in due course of time.

I must now relate what became of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, after he had gained the first fort, and been grievously wounded, when he was constrained, much against his inclination, to stay with the two archers. When they saw that the Citadel was won they tore down a door from the first house they came to, and, placing him thereon, carried him as gently as possible, with what assistance they could procure, to the goodliest mansion in the neighbourhood. It was the residence of a very rich Gentleman; the same had fled to a monastery, but his wife remained at home, in the Lord's keeping, with two fair daughters, who were hid in a hay-loft under the hay. As soon as they knocked, being resolved to put her trust in the mercy of God, she went and opened unto them, and thereon beheld the good Knight, borne wounded in the manner that hath been described, who immediately caused the door to be shut, and placed a couple of archers thereat, saying to them: "On your lives, see that none come in here except my own people. I am confident that when this is perceived to be my abode, nobody will

attempt to enter by force. Your coming to my aid hath hindered you from making some acquisitions; but be under no concern, you shall lose nothing by it in the end."

The archers did as they were desired, and he was carried into a very fine apartment, conducted by the Lady of the house, who, falling on her knees before him, spoke to this effect, making use of the French tongue: "Gallant Sir, I present to you this house, and all therein; for I well know that it belongs to you by the laws of war; but be pleased to spare our honour and our lives—my own, and those of two young daughters that my husband and I have, now at an age to marry."

The good Knight, who never harboured an evil thought, replied to her: "Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine; but, while I live, no wrong shall be done either to you or your daughters, any more than to myself. Only keep them in their chambers,—let them not be seen, and, I can assure you, there is no man in my house who will presume to enter any place contrary to your pleasure; and I must, at the same time, observe that you have a Gentleman under your roof who will not plunder you, but shew you all the civilities in his power."

When the good Lady heard him speak thus virtuously, she was quite comforted. Then he prayed her to point out some skilful surgeon who might quickly come and dress his wound; which she did, going to fetch him herself with one of the archers: for he lived only two houses off hers. On arriving, he inspected the good Knight's wound, which was large and deep: however, he assured him there was no danger of its proving mortal. At the second dressing he was visited by the Duke of Nemours his surgeon, named Master Claude, who attended him from that time forth, and did his part so well that, in less than a month, he was able to sit on horseback. The good Knight asked his hostess where her husband was. The poor Lady, bathed in tears, replied, "Upon my honour, my Lord, I know not whether he be alive or dead. I strongly suspect that, if living, he is in a monastery, where he hath many acquaintances." "Dame," said the good Knight, "have him sought for, and I will send to fetch him, so that he shall receive no hurt." She caused inquiry to be made respecting him; in such wise that he was found, and, the good Knight's steward and two archers being sent to bring him home, he was by them safely escorted thither: on his arrival

he received a cheerly welcome from the good Knight, who bade him not be cast down, for that he had lodged none but his friends. After the noble and glorious taking of the town of Brescia by the French, when the fury of the sack had subsided, the Duke of Nemours, who was not the image of God Mars, but his very self, took lodgings. Before eating or drinking, he assembled his council, at which all the Captains were present, in order to ordain what was necessary to be done. First he sent to drive away the soldiers of every description who were in the convents and churches, made the Ladies return to their houses with their husbands, if they were no longer prisoners, and by degrees reassured them.

It was meet carefully to free the town from the dead bodies, for fear of infection, a business which alone took up three whole days, and more than two and twenty thousand were found. The Duke bestowed the vacant offices on persons whom he thought capable of discharging them well. Count Luigi Avogaro was tried, he having been the cause of the treason for the retaking of Brescia, and was beheaded, and afterwards quartered, with two others of his faction, the one named Tommaso *Delduc*, the other Gieronimo di *Rive*.

A week or more did this worthy Duke of Nemours tarry at Brescia, going once a-day at least to visit the good Knight, whom he consoled as well as he was able, often saying to him, "Come, my Lord of Bayard, my friend, do your best to get cured, for I know very well we must give battle to the Spaniards within a month, and, if this be the case, I had rather lose my whole estate than you should not be present at it, so great affiance have I in you." The good Knight replied: "Be sure, my Lord, if a battle do take place, as well for the service of my master the King, as for love of you, and for my honour's sake, which is paramount to every thing, I will be carried thither in a litter rather than not go at all." The Duke of Nemours made him many presents, according to his ability, and one day sent him five hundred crowns, which he gave to the two archers who had remained with him at the time of his being wounded.

When King Lewis XII. was informed of the taking of Brescia, and of his nephew's noble victory, it may well be supposed that he was transported with joy. However he saw plainly that, as long as the Spaniards were ranging round about Lombardy, his state of Milan would be always in a jeopardous condition. So he wrote daily to his

nephew, the noble Duke of Nemours, earnestly conjuring him to remove the war from Lombardy, and do his endeavour to drive thence the Spaniards, as he was weary of defraying the charge he was obliged to be at for such a number of infantry, and could support it no longer without grinding his people, the thing of all others he was most averse from. Moreover, he knew well that the King of England was meditating a descent upon France, and that the Swiss had a similar intention: in which case he should stand in need of the forces he had in Italy for his defence. In a word, the purport of all his letters was to enforce the giving battle to the Spaniards, or chasing them to such a distance that they could never return more.

The Duke of Nemours had so great an affection for the King his uncle, that he took care, on all occasions, to avoid angering him; and, moreover, he well knew that his letters were not addressed to him without weighty reason. He resolved therefore upon prompt compliance with the order he had received about putting an end to the war. So he assembled all his Captains, both of horse and foot, and marched by short

journeys straight to Bologna, near which town the Duke of Ferrara joined his army; him he appointed to lead his van-guard, along with the Lord of La Palisse. He went on till he met with the King of Spain's forces, and those of the Pope, fifteen miles from Bologna, in a place called Castel S. Piero. They formed one of the finest armies, for its size, that hath ever been seen, and one of the best appointed. Don Raymundo de Cardona, Viceroy of Naples, was at the head of it, and had with him twelve or fourteen hundred gendarms, whereof eight hundred rode barbed horses. They were all gold and azure, and mounted on the best coursers and Spanish horses that were ever beheld. Moreover, for the space of two years, they had enjoyed the free range of Romagna, a good and fertile land, where they had provisions to their hearts' desire. There were only twelve thousand foot, two thousand Italians, under the charge of a Captain *Ramassot*, and ten thousand Spaniards, Biscayans, and Navarrese, conducted by Count Pedro Navarro, who was Captain General of the whole body of infantry. He had formerly led his men into Barbary against the Moors aforetime, and with them had gained two

or three battles. In short, they were all men experienced in war, and skilled to a marvel in the exercise of arms.

When the worthy Duke of Nemours approached them, the Spaniards began to retire along the mountain, while the French kept the plain. Thus they continued for three weeks or a month, less than six or seven miles asunder; but the Spaniards were encamped in a strong place, and they often skirmished together, scarce a day passing that prisoners were not taken on both sides. All the French captives averred the Spanish army to be a glorious spectacle. However, the noble Duke of Nemours, and his Captains and soldiers, desired nothing but to fight them, could they be met with on even terms. But they were so cunning as to keep continually in some secure situation, whither, however, their enemies went to seek them on the day of the battle of Ravenna, as will be related. But first I shall set forth how the good Knight without fear and without reproach quitted Brescia, to go and rejoin the Duke of Nemours, and with what exceeding courtesy he behaved toward his hostess.



CHAPTER LI.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach quitted Brescia to repair to the Duke of Nemours, and the army of the King of France. Of his great courtesy to his hostess on leaving her, and how he arrived before the town of Ravenna.

FOR about a month or five weeks did the good Knight lie ill of his wound in the town of Brescia, without ever rising from his bed ;—greatly to his own dissatisfaction ; for he received news every day from the camp of the French how they were approaching the Spaniards, and were in daily hope of an engagement, and sore would it have grieved him had that taken place and he not been present at it. So he got up one day, and walked about the room, to see whether he could support himself or no. He found that he was rather weak ; but his great spirit did not allow him to reckon much of that. He sent for the surgeon who was then in the habit of dressing his wound, and spoke to him thus : “ My friend, I pray you

tell me if there is any danger in my setting out upon a journey: I seem to myself cured, or nearly so, and in my judgment, I assure you, to tarry longer will do me more harm than good; for it frets me exceedingly." The good Knight's servants had already told the chirurgien how eager he was to be at the battle, and what solicitude he unceasingly felt on that head. Knowing therefore this circumstance, as well as the good Knight's complexion, he said to him in his language: "My Lord, your wound is not yet closed, but it is completely healed within. Your barber will come and dress it once more, and let him every morning and evening put a little tent in it, and a plaster, for which I will give him an ointment; this will prevent it from being exasperated, so that there is no danger: for the worst part of the wound is at the top of the thigh, and will not touch the saddle of your horse." Had the good Knight gained ten thousand crowns he would not have been so much delighted. His surgeon was abundantly recompensed, and he looked to set out within two days, bidding his people make all the necessary preparations during this interval. The Lady of the house, who always looked upon herself, her husband, and children, as his prisoners,

and likewise all the goods and chattels she possessed as his property, this being the case with the other houses that had fallen into the hands of the French, had many imaginations, considering in her own mind that, if her guest chose to treat her and her husband rigorously, he might take from them ten or twelve thousand crowns, they having an income of two thousand. So she resolved to make him some handsome present, and, having discovered how worthy a man he was, and of how noble a heart, believed that he would be graciously pleased to be satisfied therewith.

On the morning of the day when the good Knight was to depart after dinner, his hostess entered his apartment with one of her servants carrying a little steel box; she found him resting himself in a chair, after having walked up and down a good deal to exercise his leg by little and little. She fell upon both knees: but he immediately raised her, and would not suffer her to say a word, till she was seated by his side. Then she begun her discourse in the following manner: "My Lord, the favour that God shewed me when the town of Brescia was taken, in directing you to this house of yours, hath proved no less than the saving

my husband's life, and that of myself and of my two daughters, together with their honour, which ought to be still dearer to them. And, moreover, since your arrival here neither have I nor hath the least of my people received the smallest offence, but perfect courtesy, and your men have not taken of the goods they found here the value of a farthing, without paying for it. My Lord, I know well that my husband, myself, my children, and all of this household are your prisoners, and that you may deal with them and dispose of them, according to your good pleasure, as likewise of the goods herein contained. But being acquainted with the unparalleled nobleness of your heart, I am come most humbly to supplicate that you will deign to have compassion upon us, behaving toward us with your accustomed liberality. Here is a little present which we make you; be pleased to take it in good part." Then she took the box which the servant held, and opened it before the good Knight, who saw that it was full of goodly ducats. The worthy Gentleman, who never in his life set any value on money, fell a laughing, and said: "Madam, how many ducats are there in this box?" The poor woman feared that he was offended at seeing so few; and

replied ; “ My Lord, there are only two thousand five hundred ; but if you are not content therewith, we will produce a larger sum.” Then he said ; “ On my honour, Madam, had you given me an hundred thousand crowns, I should not stand so much beholden to you as I do for the good entertainment and the careful attendance I have received at your hands ; be assured that, wherever I may be, you shall have a Gentleman at your service, as long as God permits me to live. For your ducats, I will none of them ; I thank you, but take them back. All my life long I have loved men better than money, and think not but I shall go away as well satisfied with you, as if this town were at your disposal, and you had given it to me.”

The good Lady was astonished at seeing her present rejected, and threw herself again on her knees, but the good Knight allowed her not to remain long in that posture, and, as soon as she was raised, she said : “ My Lord, I shall for ever esteem myself the most unfortunate woman in the world, if you will not accept the trifling gift I offer you, which is nothing in comparison of the courtesy wherewith you have hitherto treated me, and, of your great goodness, are treating me still.”

When the good Knight saw her thus resolute, and that she made the present with her whole heart, he said to her: "Well then, Madam, I take it for love of you: but go fetch your two daughters, for I wish to bid them farewell." The poor woman, overjoyed that her present had at length been accepted, went to seek her daughters, who were exceeding comely, amiable, and well instructed, and had greatly solaced the good Knight during his illness, as they were accomplished singers and players on the lute and the virginals, and could work very well with the needle. So they were brought before the good Knight, who, while they were getting ready, had divided the monies into three portions, two of a thousand ducats, and another of five hundred. On arriving they threw themselves on their knees, but were immediately raised. Then the elder spoke thus: "My Lord, these two poor maidens, whom you have vouchsafed to preserve from all injury, come to take leave of you, most humbly thanking your Lordship for the favour they have had shewn them, for which, as they can make no other return, they will be ever bound to offer their prayers to God in your behalf."

The good Knight, almost weeping to see so

much meekness and humility in these two beautiful girls, replied thus: " Young Ladies, you are doing what I ought to do; that is thank you for your good company, on which score I hold myself greatly in your debt. You must know that military men are not usually furnished with pretty toys to present to Ladies. For my part I am sorry that I have none such to bestow on you, as is my duty. The good Lady your mother hath given me these two thousand five hundred ducats, which you see on the table; I present each of you with a thousand, to aid you in marrying; and, by way of return, you will be pleased to call upon the Lord for me; I ask nothing else of you." So he put the ducats into their aprons, whether they would or no: then he addressed himself to his hostess and said: " Madam, I accept these five hundred ducats, to be distributed, for my behoof, among the poor Nuns of the convents that have been pillaged; I give you charge of them, as you know where there is most necessity better than any one else; and, with that, I take my leave of you." So he touched all their hands, in the Italian fashion, and they threw themselves on their knees, weeping as though about to be led to execution. The Lady spoke

thus: "Flower of Chivalry, with whom none can come in competition, may our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for all sinners, reward you both in this world and in the next." Then they retired to their chambers; as the hour of dining was now arrived.

The good Knight called his steward, and told him he should be quite ready to mount at mid-day. The Gentleman of the house, who had heard from his wife of their guest's great courtesy, entered his chamber, and thanked him an hundred thousand times, with bended knee, offering him his person and all his goods, whereof he said he might dispose, as of his own, at his will and pleasure; the good Knight thanked him, and made him stay and take dinner in his company. That ended, he forthwith asked for horses, thinking it long till he were with the company he had so anxious a desire to rejoin, being terribly afraid that the battle would take place before his arrival at the camp.

As he was quitting his chamber to get on horseback, the two fair damsels of the house came down, and each made him a present, which they had

worked during his illness. One of these gifts was a pretty neat pair of bracelets, delicately composed of fine gold and silver threads; the other a purse of crimson satin most curiously wrought. He gave them many thanks, and said the presents came from such good hands, that he should value them at ten thousand crowns. And to honour them more he had the bracelets put upon his arms, and placed the purse in his sleeve, declaring that he would wear them as long as they lasted for their sakes. At these words the good Knight got upon his horse, accompanied by his great companion and excellent friend the Lord of Aubigny, whom the Duke of Nemours had left to guard the town, with two or three thousand other Gentlemen. Then they bade each other farewell; one party returning to Brescia, the other repairing to the French camp, where the good Knight arrived on the evening of the Wednesday before Easter, April the seventh. How he was welcomed by the Duke of Nemours and all the Captains I leave the reader to imagine:—both gendarms and adventurers made such demonstrations of joy, that it seemed as if, at his coming, the army had received a reinforcement of ten

thousand men. The same had arrived that evening before Ravenna; the enemies were then distant a couple of leagues, but on the morrow, which was Good Friday, came within two miles of the foresaid town.

CHAPTER LII.

How siege was laid by the noble Duke of Nemours to Ravenna; and divers attacks made upon it on Good Friday, wherein the French were repulsed.

WHEN the gentle Duke of Nemours arrived before Ravenna, he assembled all the Captains, to determine what was to be done; for the French camp began to suffer greatly for lack of provisions, which were conveyed to it with much difficulty. Bread and wine were already beginning to fail, because the Venetians had cut off the supplies on one side, and the Spanish army held all the coast of Romagna; so that the adventurers were under the necessity of subsisting on meat and cheese. Another cross accident had also happened, unforeseen either by the Duke of Nemours or any of the Captains, namely, the Emperor's having sent written orders to the Captains of the Lansquenets on their lives to retire as soon as ever they had seen his letter, and not to engage with the Spaniards. Among the other German

Captains there were two principal ones: Philip of Friburg, and the worthy Jacob,—both valiant men, perdy, and experienced in war. This letter of the Emperor's fell into the hands of Captain Jacob. He had once visited the King of France after entering his service, in his Dominions, where he had had some present made him; so that his heart was entirely with the French. Likewise the Duke of Nemours had, to such a point, won upon the soldiers, that all with him would have resigned their lives at his request.

Among the French Captains there was not one whom Captain Jacob loved so well as the good Knight. This affection had its origin at the time of the Emperor's first expedition against Padua, in the year 1509, when the King of France sent him five or six hundred horse by way of aid. As soon as he had seen the letter, and heard of the good Knight's arrival, he went to visit him at his house, accompanied only by an interpreter; for the extent of his acquaintance with French was, "*Bon jour, Monseigneur.*" They gave each other a cordial greeting, as they could not choose but do, since every one loves his like, and conversed on various matters unheard by any but themselves. At length Captain Jacob disclosed to the good Knight what the Emperor had com-

manded them, how he still had the letter, which no one had seen but himself, and which he would not show to any of his companions; as he well knew that, if the Lansquenets were informed of its contents, the greater number of them would be against fighting, and would retire. But, for his part, he had sworn to serve the King of France, had received his pay, and would die an hundred thousand deaths sooner than be guilty of such baseness as to decline fighting; that it behoved them to be speedy; for it was impossible but the Emperor would soon despatch other letters, which might come to the knowledge of his fellow soldiers, and that by this means much evil might accrue to the French: for the Lansquenets composed a third part of their forces, they being numbered at about five thousand. The good Knight, who was well acquainted with the worthy heart of Captain Jacob, lauded him marvelously, and said, by the mouth of his interpreter: "My companion and friend, your soul never entertained an evil imagination; you once told me that you possess little in Germany: our master is rich and powerful, as you know, and can in one day impart to you what will place you in ease and affluence all your life after; for he loves you much, of that I am well assured.

His affection will be augmented when he is informed of the good service you are now doing him, and know it he shall, God willing, even though I tell it him myself. There is my Lord of Nemours, our chief, who hath summoned all the Captains to council at his lodgings; let us two go thither, and privately lay before him what you have disclosed to me." "Well suggested," said Captain Jacob; "let us go."

When they got to the Duke's lodgings, they entered into council, which lasted a long while. There was a diversity of opinions; some dissuaded fighting, and not without good arguments, for they said that, if this battle were lost, all Italy would be lost to the King their master, and that not one of them could escape, because they had three or four rivers to cross, and every power was against them, the Pope, the King of Spain, the Venetians, the Swiss,—they were not very secure of the Emperor even. Wherefore it was better to delay, than put themselves into such jeopardy. Others said they must either fight or die of hunger, like cowards and slaves, and that they had gone too far to recede, except with disgrace and disorder. In fine each delivered his opinion.

The worthy Duke of Nemours, who had now spoken with the good Knight and Captain Jacob, and been informed at full of the Emperor's orders, well knew that it was necessary to fight. Beside which there never came a post that his uncle the King of France did not enjoin him to give battle, as he was hourly expecting to be attacked in two or three places in his own Kingdom. However he prayed the good Knight again to speak his mind, which he did in this wise; "My Lord, you know that I arrived here but yesterday, and am utterly unacquainted with the condition of our adversaries. These Gentlemen, my companions, have seen them and skirmished with them every day, and know more about the matter than I can do. I have heard some of their number uphold the giving battle, others declaim against it. Since you are pleased to inquire my opinion, saving the reverence due to your Lordship, and to the Gentlemen here present, I will declare it. That all engagements are hazardous is an undoubted truth, and that it is behoveful to consider things well before proceeding to execution is another; but, as the case stands at present between us and our enemies, I think we can hardly depart without battling it: forasmuch as you have already made your approaches before this town

of Ravenna, which to-morrow morning you purpose to cannonade, and, the breach being effected, to storm it thereby. You are already aware that the Lord Marco Antonio Colonna, who hath been eight or ten days within the place, entered it under the sworn faith and promise of Don Raymundo de Cardona, Viceroy of Naples, and head of the hostile army, of his uncle the Lord Fabritio Colonna, together with that of Count Pedro de Navarro, and of all the Captains, that, if he can hold out till to-morrow, or at the latest till Easter day, they will come and succour him. Now our said enemies are certainly about to make this good; they being close upon our army. Furthermore the longer you stay the more calamitous will be your situation: for our men have no food, and our horses are even now obliged to subsist on the shoots of willows. Then you know that the King our master sends you orders daily to give battle, declaring that not only the safety of his Dutchy of Milan depends on you but likewise that of his whole Realm of France, seeing the enemies by whom he is menaced. In consideration of which, I, for my part, am of opinion that we ought to do it, and do it discreetly; sith we have to deal with crafty people, and good fighters. That we

thereby incur danger is true; but one thing gives me heart: the Spaniards have been a year in this Romagna, living all the while in clover, and are pursy and fat; our men have been forced to take up with scanty fare, and are so yet; by reason whereof they will be longer-breathed, and that is all we want; for he that fights longest must win the day." Every one laughed at this observation; for Bayard had so pleasant a mode of expressing his sentiments that he delighted all who heard him. The Lords of Lautrec, of La Palisse, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Lord of Crussol, and all, or most of the worthy leaders, adhered to the good Knight's opinion, and were for giving battle. Whereupon all the Captains both of horse and foot received notice of the same.

On the morning of the next day, which was Good Friday, the city of Ravenna was fiercely cannonaded, so that the enemies from their camp heard very distinctly the sound of the firing. They therefore resolved, according to the promise they had made, to succour the Lord Marc' Antonio Colonna before Easter Sunday. During the battery two gallant French Captains, the Lord of Espy, Master of the artillery, and the Lord of Chastillon, Provost

of Paris, were shot, the one in the arm, the other in the thigh, and died of their wounds at Ferrara, a circumstance worthy of infinite regret. The breach being made in the town, they who had been ordered to the assault, namely, two hundred gendarms and three thousand foot, approached: the remainder of the army placed themselves in goodly and glorious array of battle, which they were awaiting with impatience, and a more resolute set of men had not met together for a thousand years; from their demeanour you would have thought they were going to a nuptial feast. Thus they stood for three or four long hours to support their comrades, who were ordered to the assault, and made many desperate attacks upon the town; the Viscount d'Estoge, then Lieutenant to Messire Robert de la Marche, and the Lord Federigo di Bozzolo, distinguished themselves on the occasion; being many times thrown from the top of the ditch to the bottom. If the assailants played their parts well they of the town were no less in earnest.

The Lord Marc' Antonio Colonna, who was there in person, said to his men: "Gentlemen, stand fast; that we shall be relieved before tomorrow, or Sunday, I can assure you upon my

honour: the breach is very small; if we are taken it will be attributed to great pusillanimity in us, and moreover will prove our utter destruction." So strenuously did the Lord Marc' Antonio exhort them that their courage grew ever more and more. And sooth to say the breach was very inconsiderable.

When the French had made five or six attacks, and found they should never carry the town in this way, they sounded the retreat;—a providential circumstance for them; since had they taken it they never would have been able to draw off the adventurers from the pillage thereof, which might have occasioned the loss of the battle. When the Duke of Nemours found that his men were retiring from the assault he caused his army to retire likewise for the evening, in order to take rest; for the conflict was hourly expected, the enemy being only about two miles distant.

In the evening after supper, many Captains were at the Duke's lodgings discoursing of divers matters, but especially of the battle; when his Grace addressed himself to the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and said: "My Lord Bayard, before your coming, the Spaniards

continually inquired of our people whom they had taken prisoners if you were not in this camp, and, from what I hear, they have a very exalted notion of your character. If it seem good unto you, who have long known their ways, I should advise that you skirmish with them to-morrow morning, and compel them to join battle, in order to see what sort of show they make."

The good Knight, who desired no other, made reply: "My Lord, I give you my word that, with God's aid, I will take so close a survey of them, to-morrow ere mid-day, that I shall bring you back some information respecting them." The Baron of Bearn, Lieutenant to the Duke of Nemours, an adventurous Knight, and ever ready for a skirmish, happened to be present. He thought in his own mind that the good Knight must rise very early to begin fighting before him. He assembled some of his most intimate friends, and communicated his intentions to them, that they might hold themselves in readiness by break of day. What came of this will be seen presently.

CHAPTER LIII.

Of a terrible skirmish that took place between the French and Spaniards, the day before the battle of Ravenna, wherein the good Knight performed astonishing feats of valour.

ACCORDING to the promise made by the good Knight to the Duke of Nemours on arriving at his lodgings he sent for his Lieutenant Captain Pierrepont, his Ensign, his Guidon, and many others of the company, to whom he said: "Gentlemen, I have promised the Duke that I will go reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow, and bring him certain information respecting them. We must advise how to conduct the affair so that it may redound to our honour. I am resolved to take the whole company, and display the banners of my Lord of Lorraine, which have not yet been seen. I hope they will bring us good luck; they will be more inspiring than cornets. You, Du Fay," said he to his Standardbearer,

shall take fifty archers, pass the canal below the artillery of the Spaniards, and go raise the alarm in their camp, as far on as you are able. When you see it time to retire, you may do so without running any risk, till you meet Captain Pierrepont, who will be at your rear, with thirty horse and the rest of the archers; moreover, in case you should both be hard pressed, I shall come after with all the remainder of the company to give you assistance: and if the affair is managed as I propose, I pledge my word that we shall gain credit thereby."

Each perfectly understood what he had to do; for not only the Captains of the company, but every gendarm in it was qualified to command himself. All retired to repose, till the trumpet wakened them at break of day, when they armed and accoutred themselves, in order to execute the enterprise they had in their minds. So the colours of the noble Duke of Lorraine were unfurled and given to the wind; a very goodly spectacle, and one that cheered the hearts of the Gentlemen of the company, who began to march, as had been ordained the night before, in three bands, and at distances of three bow-shots.

Nothing knew the good Knight of the Baron of Bearn's enterprise, who was already gone forth, and had stirred up a hot alarm at the Spanish camp, so that almost all there had taken arms, and the said Baron played his part on the occasion very well. But at length two or three of the enemies' cannon-balls burst into the midst of his troop, one of which carried away the right arm of a very gallant Gentleman, named Basillac, and the other killed the horse of the Lord of Berssac, a brave gendarm, both belonging to the company of the Duke of Nemours, who was much grieved at Basillac's misfortune, having a marvellous affection to him.

After these shots of artillery, an hundred or an hundred and twenty gendarms, Spaniards and Neapolitans, came rushing in a body upon the Baron, who was obliged to retire, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a gallop, so that the foresaid hostile band met the Bastard du Fay, who stopped to apprise the good Knight of it, and was by him ordered instantly to join Captain Pierrepont's troop, while he himself advanced till all his forces were brought together. Thus he saw the Baron of Bearn and his men

return almost routed, the Spaniards and Neapolitans pursuing them boldly and fiercely, and crossing the canal after them.

When the good Knight beheld them on his side, he was better pleased than if one had given him an hundred thousand crowns. He began to cry, "On, comrades, let us succour our people!" and to those that were flying he said, "Stop, stop, gendarms; you have good aid." So he put himself the very foremost in one of the enemies' troops, consisting of an hundred or an hundred and twenty horse. He was too much beloved not to be well supported. At the first onset, five or six were overthrown; however, the rest defended themselves very creditably; but at length turned their backs, and galloped straight to the canal, which they repassed in great haste. The alarm had already reached the Spanish camp, so that all there were in order of battle, horse and foot. Notwithstanding this, the good Knight continued to drive them before him, till they were far within the said camp, where he and his company performed prodigies of valour, knocking down tents and pavilions, and throwing to the ground whatever they met with.

Now the good Knight, unremittingly vigilant,

spies a troop of two or three hundred gendarmes coming along at a quick trot, close ranged as if for fight. So he said to Captain Pierrepont, "Let us retire; these be too many for us to strive with." The trumpet sounded the retreat, which was effected without the loss of a single man, and they repassed the canal, marching straight to their camp. When the Spaniards perceived this, and that they should lose their labour by going after them, they retired. Five or six of them, however, passed over, and asked to break their lances; but the good Knight would not allow a man of his to turn back, though much solicited to that effect by many of his people. But he feared it would be the occasion of bringing on a new skirmish, and his men had exerted themselves sufficiently for that day.

The worthy Duke of Nemours knew all about the affair before the good Knight arrived; whom, when he saw, all sorrowful as he was on account of Basillac's misadventure, he went and embraced, saying to him, "You and such as you, Lord Bayard, my friend, are fit to head skirmishes; for you can both go and return with discretion." All that had been present at this rude encounter said they had never seen a man who performed

greater feats of arms, or understood war better than the good Knight.

Next day a much more furious and bloody engagement took place, and one which both French and Spaniards cursed all their lives after.



CHAPTER LIV.

Of the fell and desperate battle of Ravenna, in which the Spaniards and Neapolitans were defeated, and of the death of the gentle Duke of Nemours.

AFTER that brisk skirmish provoked by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, all the Captains, both of horse and foot, assembled, dinner done, at the lodgings of the excellent Duke of Nemours, who outdid all that ever lived before him during the course of two thousand years; for you shall not read in any chronicle or history of any Emperor, King, Prince or Lord who performed such a number of splendid actions in so short a space of time as he did. But cruel death snatched him away at the age of four and twenty, to the great diminution and irreparable loss of all nobility.

Now, the Captains being met, the gentle Duke of Nemours began his discourse, as follows:

“ Gentlemen, you see the country in which we are, and how provisions fail us, and the longer we continue in this state, the weaker we shall grow. This great city of Ravenna opposes us on one side; the enemy is within cannon-shot of our camp; the Venetians and the Swiss, as the Lord Jean Jacques writes me word, are threatening a descent on the Duchy of Milan, where you know that we have left but very few forces. Moreover, the King my uncle urges me every day to give battle, and I believe he would urge it still more strongly if he knew how distressed we are for provisions. Wherefore, in consideration of all these things, it appears to me for our own and our master’s advantage that we should make no further delay; but, with the aid of God, who can order every thing by his power, go and seek out our enemies. If good luck attend us, we will praise and thank Him; if not, His will be done. As far as myself and my own inclinations are concerned, you may well suppose I desire that victory should be ours; I would rather lose my life than that should be lost: and, if God prove so unmindful of me as to suffer that I be vanquished, poorspirited indeed must my enemies be if they leave me alive; for I

will give them little cause to do it. On this account it is that I have assembled you all here."

The Lord of La Palisse said nothing was more certain than that it behoved them to give battle, whereby they might speedily put themselves out of danger. Of the same opinion were the Lord of Lautrec, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the horse, the Lord of Crussol, Captain Louys d'Ars, and many others, who came to the conclusion, that next day, which was Easter Sunday, they should go in search of their enemies. So a bridge of boats was made on a little canal which lay between the two armies, to transport the artillery and the infantry; for the horse could cross with ease, because esplanades had been made on either bank.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach said, in presence of all the company, that it would be well to arrange the order of the battle forthwith, to the end that each might know where he was to be; that he understood from all the prisoners who had been in the camp of the Spaniards, that they made but one troop of all their infantry, and two of their cavalry; consequently that in their disposition regard must be

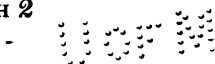
had to this circumstance. The heads of the company declared that he had spoken well, and that the thing should be taken into immediate consideration; which was done in the following manner: the Lansquenets and footsoldiers under the command of Captains Molart, Bonnet, Maugiron, the Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and others, to the number of six thousand, were all to march in one body; and by their side the two thousand Gascons of Captain Odet and the Cadet de Duras, who were to go all together and post themselves a cannon-shot from the enemy, having the artillery placed before them, and then were to play their cannon with might and main at whoso should first quit his fortified camp; for the Spaniards had got an advantageous position, as will clearly be seen. Next to the infantry, the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of La Palisse, who commanded the vanguard, were to be stationed, with their companions; and, together with them, the Gentlemen under the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the horse, the Lord of Humbercourt, La Crote, the Lord Theodore de Trivulce, and other Captains, to the number of eight hundred gendarms; a little above and facing to them, were to stand the Duke of Ne-

mours with his company, the Lord of Lautrec, his cousin, who performed wonders that day, the Lord of Alegre, Captain Louys d'Ars, the good Knight, and others, to the number of four or five hundred horse. The Italian infantry, of which there were about four thousand, under the charge of two brothers, Gentlemen of Placentia, Counts Nicolo and Francesco *Scot*, of the Marquis Malaspina, and other Italian Captains, were to remain on this side the canal, to ensure the safety of the baggage, lest they of Ravenna should make a sally. The Bastard Du Fay, who was advanced to be chief of all the Standardbearers, had instructions to pass the bridge, and keep guard thereat, till sent for.

Matters being thus arranged and the morrow morning arrived, the Lansquenets began to pass first. Which the gentle Lord of Molart seeing said to his peasants: "Come, companions; shall it be said to our reproach that the Lansquenets have passed over to the enemy's side before us? For my part, I would rather lose an eye than have it so;" and, as the Lansquenets were occupying the bridge, he began to wade through the water, with his shoes and stockings and all his clothes on, his people following him. I must observe

that the water was not so shallow but it reached up to a man's middle; howbeit they made such good speed that they were on the other side before the Lansquenets. This done, all the ordnance was carried over, and placed in front of the infantry, who forthwith put themselves in battle array. After them came the vanguard of the horse, and then the middle battalion. I must now relate an incident which occurred during these transactions. The gentle Duke of Nemours left his lodging very early, armed at all points, except that he had no helmet on. He wore a most gorgeous dress, embroidered with the arms of Navarre and of Foix, but exceeding heavy. On going out, he looked at the sun that had just risen, and saw that it was very red. A Gentleman whom he loved passing well, a right worthy person, by name Haubourdin, then in his company, said: "Know you, my Lord, what that bodes? Some great Prince or Captain will die to-day. It must be either you or the Viceroy." The Duke laughed at this speech, taking Haubourdin's words for jest. He went to the bridge to see his army make an end of passing, which was done with wonderful expedition.

Meantime, the good Knight came in search of



him, and said: "My Lord, let us go walk awhile, for divertisement, along the bank of this canal, till all the forces be passed over." Whereto the Duke agreed, and took with him the Lord of Lautrec, the Lord of Alegre, and some others, to the number of twenty horse. Mighty was the alarm at the camp of the Spaniards, as of men expecting an engagement to take place that same day, and they drew themselves up in order of battle to receive their mortal foes. The Duke of Nemours thus walking for pleasure said to the good Knight: "My Lord Bayard, just here we might be aimed at to admiration; if there were any arquebusiers concealed on that side they might shoot us quite at their ease." The words were no sooner uttered than they descried a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish Gentlemen, among whom was Captain Pedro de Paes, chief of all their *genetaires*. The said Gentlemen were on horseback. The good Knight advanced twenty or thirty paces, and said to them: "Gentlemen, you are amusing yourselves, as we, till the sport begin. I pray you let no guns be discharged on your side, and we will discharge none on ours."

Captain Pedro de Paes inquired who he might be, and the good Knight told him his name. On

hearing he was Captain Bayard, who had won such renown in the Kingdom of Naples, he was marvellously delighted, and said to him in his language: "On my honour, my Lord of Bayard, although I know full well that we have gained nothing by your arrival, but, on the contrary, hold your camp two thousand men the stronger thereby, nevertheless I am right glad to see you; and would God there were peace between your master and mine, in order that we might have a little discourse together: for I have loved you for your prowess all my life." The good Knight, who in courtesy was surpassed by no one, answered him in the same or a more complimentary strain. Paes, observing the distinction with which every one treated the Duke of Nemours, said: "Lord of Bayard, who is that nobleman in goodly attire, to whom your people pay so much honour?" The good Knight replied: "It is our chief, the Duke of Nemours, nephew to your Prince, and brother to your Queen." Scarcely had he finished his speech when Captain Pedro de Paes and all that were with him dismounted, and, addressing the noble Prince, began to say: "Lord Duke, saving the honour and service of the King our master, we declare to you that we are, and will

ever remain, your servants." The Duke of Nemours, as one replete with courtesy, thanked them, and went his way.

The vanguard of the enemy's horse, which was headed by the Lord Fabritio Colonna, now appeared in sight. The Lord of Alegre and the good Knight spoke of it to the Duke, saying: "My Lord, see you this troop of horse?" "Ay," quoth he, "they are in full view." "Perdy," said the Lord of Alegre, "if any one would bring hither but two pieces of artillery, we could do them a vast deal of damage." This was approved of, and he went himself to get a cannon and a long culverin conveyed thither. The Spaniards had already begun to fire from their camp, which was wonderful strong, they having a good ditch before them. Behind were all their infantry, lying on their bellies, to escape the artillery of the French. All theirs was in front of them, and consisted of twenty pieces, cannons and long culverins, and about two hundred arquebuses-a-croc. And between two guns they had great pieces of sharp steeled iron, fashioned like triple-forked spears, on little two wheeled carts, which were to be rolled into the midst of the footsoldiers when they wished to

enter among them. At their wing was their vanguard, led by the Lord Fabritio Colonna, and consisting of about eight hundred gendarms. Their mid squadron, which contained more than four hundred horse, under the command of the Viceroy Don Raymundo de Cardona, was placed a little higher up. Adjoining to it were only two thousand Italians, whom *Ramassot* conducted. But as for the gendarmery, troops better accoutred and mounted had never been heard of.

The Duke of Nemours, when he had crossed the river, ordered every one to march. The Spaniards fired at the French troop of infantry, as at a mark, and slew more than two thousand of them before the commencement of the battle. They also killed two famous gendarms, one named Iasses, the other L'Herisson. Likewise those two valiant Captains, the Lord of Molart and Philip of Friburg, fell together, bereft of life by the same cannon-shot; a great loss and injury to the French, both being eminent and beloved commanders, specially the Lord of Molart, for whom all his men would willingly have died. Notwithstanding all the artillery discharged on the part of the Spaniards, the French still con-



tinued to march. The two pieces which the Lord of Alegre and the good Knight had caused to be brought to the hither side of the canal were played incessantly upon the Lord Fabritio's troop, and did him incredible mischief, killing as many as three hundred of his gendarms: and he afterwards said, when a prisoner at Ferrara, that thirty-three of his men had been swept away by one cannon-shot. The Spaniards were sorely vexed at this, seeing their men killed they knew not by whom. But Captain Pedro de Navarro had wisely caused it to be ordained in their council, that none should quit the fortified camp till the French went to assail them, as they would otherwise draw on their own undoing. Nothing could be more true; but it was not in the Lord Fabritio's power to restrain his people, who said in their language: "*Cuerpo de Dios! somos matados del cielo, vamos combater los hombres.*"* And to escape the firing of the artillery they begun to quit their camp, and enter the open plain to combat.

They went not straight to the vanguard, but

* "Body of God! we are slain as from the sky,—let us go fight men!"

spying the middle squadron, wherein was that excellent Prince, the Duke of Nemours, with a small body of cavalry, drew toward the same. The French who composed this squadron, delighted to have the first encounter, lowered their visors, and marched stoutly up to their adversaries, who formed into two troops, for the sake of inclosing this little battalion. The good Knight perceived the stratagem, and said to the Duke of Nemours: "My Lord, let us put ourselves into two parties, till we have passed the bridge; for they seek to inclose us." That was done immediately, and they divided. The Spaniards made a noise, and set up a loud shout while they approached, crying: *España! España! Santiago! a los cavallos! a los cavallos!*"* and approached furiously. But they were still more furiously received by the French, who also cried, "*France! France! aux chevaulx! aux chevaulx!*"† For the Spaniards on their arrival aimed at nothing but killing the horses, because they have a pro-

* "Spain! Spain! Saint James! upon the horses! upon the horses!"

† "France! France! upon the horses! upon the horses!"

verb which saith: "*Muerto el cavallo, perdido l' hombre d' armas.*"*

Since God created heaven and earth was never seen a fiercer and more vehement assault than the French and Spaniards made on each other, the combat continuing above half an hour. They stood still face to face in order to take breath, then lowered their visors, and begun afresh, crying "*France!*" and "*Spain!*" with all the impetuosity in the world. The Spaniards were half as many again as the French. The Lord of Alegre ran straight to his vanguard, and from afar espied the band of Messire Robert de la Marche, whose device was black and white. So he cried to them: "Black and white, march, march, and likewise the archers of the guard." The Duke of Ferrara, and the Lord of La Palisse, knew that the Lord of Alegre would not have come to seek them without pressing need. So they made their men proceed instantly, and went in all haste to succour the Duke of Nemours and his band, which though so small, was gradually repulsing the Spaniards.

* When the horse is dead the horseman is sped.

The arrival of this fresh troop caused a fearful commotion, the Spaniards being vigorously assailed. The archers of the guard had the little hatchets, with which they constructed their lodges, suspended from their saddle-bows. These they made use of, and dealt rude blows with them on the helmets of the Spaniards, whereby they were much confounded. Never was seen a more desperate conflict: but at length the Spaniards were obliged to abandon the field, on which, and between two ditches, fell three or four hundred gendarms. Some Princes of the Realm of Naples were taken prisoners there, and their lives saved. All wished to commence pursuit: but the good Knight without fear and without reproach said to the valiant Duke of Nemours, seeing him covered with the blood and brains of one of his gendarms, who had been swept away by a piece of artillery: "My Lord, are you wounded?" "No, thank God," said he; "but I have wounded many others." "Now God be praised!" cried the good Knight, "you have won the battle, and will to-day become the most honoured Prince in the world: but proceed no farther, and assemble your cavalry in this place, that they may be prevented from beginning to plunder; for it is not yet the time.

Captain Louys d'Ars and I will pursue these fugitives, lest they retire behind their footsoldiers. And stir not hence for any man living, till the said Captain and I come to fetch you." He promised compliance, but kept not his word, whereby he brought about his own destruction.

I have related how the Spanish infantry were lying prone in a very strange position, and one in which they could not be attacked but with great risk; as they were hid from view. It was therefore ordained that the two thousand Gascons should go behind them and play their artillery, which would oblige them to stand upright. Now the French were not two pikes' length distant, but the situation of the place was very disadvantageous to them. For, from being unable to see their enemies, they knew not on which side to enter. Captain Odet and the Cadet de Duras declared themselves quite ready to go and force the Spaniards to rise, but said some pikemen should be sent along with them, so that, after they had fired, if any companies came out upon them, they might be supported. The demand was reasonable, and they were accompanied by the Lord of Moncaure, who had a thousand Picards. The Gascons discharged their pieces

with good effect, and wounded a number of the Spaniards, which was not greatly relished of them, as they all manifested by rising up in admirable order. From behind sallied forth two bands of a thousand or twelve hundred men, and fell upon the Gascons. Whether they were in fault or the Picards I know not: but they were routed by the Spaniards, and the Lord of Moncaure, the Chevalier Desbories, the Lieutenants of Captain Odet and of the Cadet de Duras, with many others, slain.

Small satisfaction did the event give to their friends: but the Spaniards set up a fearful hallooing upon it, as if they had completely won the battle; nevertheless they well knew that it was lost for them. And those two companies who had defeated the Gascons would not return, but resolved to get into Ravenna, and proceeded along the bank of the canal, marching three or four abreast. I will leave them awhile, and return to the main body of the French and Spanish infantry. When the Spaniards above-mentioned had risen they presented themselves on the border of the ditch, where the French made a fierce, dire, and vehement assault, but were terribly fired upon with guns, and many of them slain,

in particular the worthy Captain Jacob received a shot across his body, whereat he fell, but quickly raised himself, and said to his men in German: "Gentlemen, let us serve the King of France this day as well as he hath treated us." The good Gentleman never spoke again, but instantly sunk dead upon the ground. He had a Captain under him named Fabian, one of the tallest and handsomest men in the world, who, reckless of his own life when he saw his excellent master slain, did as bold an action as ever was performed by man. The Spaniards had stationed a great body of cavalry with crossed pikes on the edge of their foss, to prevent the French from entering. This Captain Fabian, determined rather to die than suffer his worthy Captain's death to go unrevenge, took his pike cross-wise, and, as he was amazingly tall, put the weapon, held in this manner, above those of the Spaniards, which were lowered, and, by his great strength, compelled them to bring their points to the ground. The French seeing this, rushed on impetuously, and entered the ditch, but, ere they could pass it, a fearful carnage took place; for never did men make a more resolute defence than the Spaniards, who, when they had not an arm or a leg left whole,

attacked their enemies with their teeth. On this occasion many French Captains were slain, as the Baron of Grandmont, Captain Maugiron, who fought with all possible bravery, and the Lord of Bårdassan. Captain Bonnet received a blow from a pike on the forehead, and the iron remained in his head. To speak briefly the French sustained a great loss, but the Spaniards a still greater: for the horse of the French vanguard attacked them in flank, and completely routed them, so that they were slain and cut to pieces, except Count Pedro de Navarro, and some other Captains, who were taken prisoners.

We must now return to those two companies, who had fled with the view of getting into Ravenna, but who on the road met the Bastard du Fay, and were by him compelled to face about, and go back by the side of the canal. Du Fay pursued them not far, but returned straight to the main battle, where he did excellent service. You must understand that when these two bands had quitted the great body, and defeated the Gascons, many of the latter fled, and some to the place where was the valiant Duke of Nemours; who, accosting them, inquired what was the matter. A base

wretch replied ; " The Spaniards have beaten us." The poor Prince, imagining that this was the case, with his whole body of infantry, became frantic and, without looking to see who followed him, rushed upon the causeway, by which the two bands were retiring, and encountered them on the road, fourteen or fifteen gendarms accompanying him. They had loaded some guns afresh, which they discharged, and then fell with their pikes upon the gentle Duke and them that were with him, who could not very easily put themselves in action; for the causeway was narrow,—on one side the canal prohibited descent, and on the other was a vast and impassable ditch. In brief, all that were with the Duke of Nemours were thrown into the water, or fell into the ditch. The good Duke's horse was hamstrung. He therefore got upon his feet sword in hand, and not Orlando at Roncevallos performed greater feats of arms than he that hour, nor than his cousin the Lord of Lautrec, who, seeing his imminent peril, cried out to the Spaniards as loudly as he could : " Kill him not; he is our Viceroy, the brother of your Queen." However it came to pass, the unhappy Duke fell upon the spot, with many wounds; for,

from the chin to the forehead, he had fourteen or fifteen : clear proof that the gentle Prince had never turned his back.

A son of the Lord of Alegre, named Viverots, was drowned in the canal, and his father killed at the defeat of the infantry. The Lord of Lautrec, and many more, were left for dead. The two companies escaped along the causeway, which was carried on for more than ten miles. When they were near two leagues off the camp they met the good Knight, returning from the pursuit, with about thirty or forty gendarms, marvellous spent and weary. Nevertheless he determined to charge his enemies : but a Captain stepped out of the band and said in his language : " Sir, what mean you to do ? You cannot suppose yourself strong enough to beat us. You have won the battle and killed all our men : be satisfied with the honour you have gained, and spare our lives, since by God's will we have escaped." The good Knight felt the truth of what the Spaniard said, and moreover he had not a horse that could stand on its legs. Howbeit he demanded the colours, which were delivered to him ; and thereupon they separated, and he passed between them, and suffered them to depart. Alas ! he knew

not that the good Duke of Nemours was slain, and by these very men: had he but suspected that, he would rather have died ten thousand deaths than not have avenged him. During the battle, and before the total defeat, Don Raymundo de Cardona, the Viceroy of Naples, took to flight, with about three hundred gendarms, and so did Captain *Ramassot*, with his infantry. The remainder were either killed or taken.

The good Knight and all the French returned from the chase about four hours past noon, and the battle begun about eight in the morning. The death of that worthy and noble Prince, the gentle Duke of Nemours, was now made known to all; whereat such deep sorrow fell upon the camp of the French, that, had two thousand fresh foot, and two hundred horse come against them, I doubt whether they would not all have been defeated, as well by reason of the pain and fatigue they had endured throughout the day, seeing that none could have been exempted from fighting, had he wished it, as of the great and overpowering grief they bore in their hearts at the death of their Commander, who was borne to his lodging by his Gentlemen amid great weeping and lamen-

tation. Many glorious battles have been fought since the creation of the world: but never was there seen, for the number of combatants, so bloody, furious, and well contested a one as the battle of Ravenna.

CHAPTER LV.

Of the noble personages who fell at the deadly battle of Ravenna, both on the side of the French and of the Spaniards, and also of those made prisoners. Of the taking of the town of Ravenna. How the French were driven out of Italy two months after, in the year 1512. Of the grievous sickness of the good Knight. Of a very courteous action performed by him. Of the journey to the Kingdom of Naples: and of every thing that occurred in the course of the said year.

IN this cruel battle the Kingdom of France sustained a great loss; for therein died one not to be matched in prowess throughout the world, when his age is taken into the account: I speak of the gentle Duke of Nemours, who will be remembered as long as this earth shall endure. Secret treaties had been set on foot to make him King of Naples, if he had lived, by which bargain Pope Julius had sped poorly; but it was not God's pleasure that his days should be prolonged. The nine worthies besought him to this effect, I

ween, for had he lived long enough he would have eclipsed them all. The gentle Lord of Alegre and his son Viverots lost their lives on this occasion: as did Captain La Crote, the Lord of Humbercourt's Lieutenant, Captains Molart, Jacob, Philip de Friberg, Maugiron, the Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and many other leaders; together with about three thousand foot, and eighty of the ordinary men at arms of France, with seven of the King's Gentlemen, and nine archers of his guard: and of the residue the greater part were wounded. The Spaniards sustained a loss which they will not retrieve in an hundred years, losing twenty Captains of foot, and near ten thousand common soldiers. Also their Captain General, Count Pedro de Navarro, was taken prisoner. Of the cavalry were slain Don Menaldo de Cardona, Don Pedro de Acunha, Prior of Messina, Don Diego de Quinones, Captain Alvarado, Captain Alonso *de l' Estelle*, and more than thirty Captains, or heads of companies, with full eight hundred gendarms. Not to mention the prisoners, which were Don Juan de Cardona, who died in prison, the Marquis of Bitonto, the Marquis of *Licite*, the Marquis della Palùde, the Marquis of Pescara, the Duke of

Trajete, the Count of *Conche*, the Count of Populo, and an hundred other great Lords and Captains, with the Cardinal of Medicis, who was the Pope's Legate in their camp : moreover they lost all their artillery, guns, and baggage. In short, out of twenty thousand men, horse and foot, not four thousand escaped being either killed or taken.

On the morrow, the French adventurers and the Lansquenets pillaged the city of Ravenna, and the Lord Marco Antonio Colonna retired into the Citadel, which was both good and strong. That Captain Jacquin, who had spoken so decorously to the Astrologer of Carpi, was the cause of this, more than any defence that was made, wherefore the Lord of La Palisse had him hung and strangled. It had been designed to proceed farther if the good Duke of Nemours had lived ; but by reason of his death every thing was put a stop to, although Piero Morgante, and the Lord Ruberto Orsino, had fully performed what they had promised, and the Lord Jean Jacques daily wrote word that the Venetians and Swiss were assembling, with a view to a descent on the Dutchy of Milan, and that the Emperor Maximilian was already beginning secretly to fall from them.

The French army therefore addressed themselves to return to the Dutchy of Milan, and all the Captains hied them to the city of that name, and had the gentle Duke of Nemours interred within the Dome in greater pomp than ever Prince had been interred before; above ten thousand persons followed him to the grave, clad in mourning apparel, for the most part on horseback, and forty standards taken from the enemy were borne before his body, trailing on the ground, his own colours and standards coming after, close to his person, to shew that it was they which had beaten down the pride of the others. These dolorous obsequies were accompanied with abundance of tears and sighs.

After his death all the Captains had chosen the Lord of La Palisse for their chief, as being a very excellent Knight. The Lord of Lautrec, who had been severely wounded, was taken to Ferrara to be cured, and there received such good and gracious treatment from the Duke and Dutchess that he was completely restored.

Pope Julius, retaining his ancient charitable spirit, caused the Emperor openly to declare himself an enemy to the French, and he accordingly ordered the few Lansquenets who remained

among them after the battle of Ravenna to withdraw. Their chief leader, a brother of Captain Jacob, returned at his command, and brought them all away, except seven or eight hundred, who were kept back by a young Captain of adventurers that had nothing to lose in Germany.

At this time, when the French thought to carry the Cardinal of Medicis into France, he was rescued; a most fortunate event for him, and which laid him under great obligations to Messer Matteo di Beccaria of Pavia, the author of this exploit; as he came to be made Pope.

A little while after the Venetian army, the Swiss, and the Pope's forces, came down in great numbers, and found that of the French defeated and ruined: and although they offered resistance at divers passes, yet in the end they were compelled to retire to Pavia, which they resolved on keeping. The Captains were ordered to fortify every quarter by the gates, a work which they set about vigorously; but persisted in it a very short time; for the enemy entered two days after. The French had made a bridge on boats, albeit there was a stone one at Pavia, for the sake of securing to themselves a better retreat, in case any

sinister accident should occur, as very soon there actually did ; for one day, by what means I know not, the Swiss entered the town by the Castle, and proceeded as far as the market-place, whither, on account of the alarm that had been raised, the infantry had already repaired, and with them divers men at arms, among whom Captain Louys d' Ars, at that time the Governor, performed astonishing feats of valour, as did likewise the Lord of La Palisse, and the gentle Lord of Humbercourt. But above all the good Knight achieved incredible things ; for, with twenty or thirty of his gendarms, he stopped the Swiss, and detained them in fight for more than two hours ; during which time two horses were killed under him. Mean-while the artillery was carried off to be transported over the bridge ; and Captain Pierrepont, having surveyed the foe on every side, went and said to the company who were fighting in the market-place : “ Gentlemen, retire ; for above our wooden bridge the Swiss are passing in divers little boats, ten at a time ; and, if once they transport any thing like a competent number, they will gain the extremity of our bridge, and we shall be shut up in this town, and all cut to pieces.” He was a wise and

valiant Captain; therefore at his words the French retired, still fighting, to their bridge, where, they being briskly pursued, a rude and boisterous skirmish took place. Howbeit the cavalry passed over, and about three hundred Lansquenets remained behind to guard the side of the said bridge. But a sad disaster happened; for when they had well-nigh succeeded in transporting the last piece of artillery, which was a long culverin, named my Lady of Forli, and had been won from the Spaniards at Ravenna, it sunk the first bark. Wherefore, the poor Lansquenets, seeing they were undone, got away as well as they could. However some of them were killed, and others drowned in the Tesino.

When the French had passed the bridge they broke it, by reason whereof they were not pursued. But a great misfortune befel the good Knight, who being stationed at the end of the bridge to guard it, a falconet-shot, discharged from the town, grazed him between the neck and shoulder, so that all the flesh was torn off even to the bone. They who witnessed the blow thought he must have been sped. But he, never dismayed at any thing, though he felt himself desperately wounded, knew that, on this very

account, there was no time for standing aghast, and said to his companions: "Gentlemen, it is nothing." All endeavours were used to stanch the blood, as well as possible, with moss taken from trees, and linen, which some of his soldiers tare from their shirts: for there was no surgeon at hand by reason of the evil times. Thus the French army retired to Alexandria, whither the Lord Jean Jacques was gone before to get a bridge made for them. They abode not long there, but were constrained totally to abandon Lombardy, excepting the Castles of Milan and Cremona, Lugano, Locarno, the town and Castle of Brescia, where the Lord of Aubigny had remained, and some other places in the Valteline.

The French repassed the mountains, and lodged for some time in the garrisons which had been appointed for them. The good Knight repaired straight to Grenoble to visit the Bishop, his good uncle, whom he had not seen for a long time. He was as virtuous a prelate, and of as holy a life, as any of his day. He received his nephew in a wonderfully honourable manner, and invited him to lodge in the episcopal Palace, where he was treated with high respect; and the Ladies from the neighbourhood of Grenoble came to see

him, and still more they of the town, and were never weary of extolling him, whereat he was greatly abashed.

NOW at this time it came to pass, either from the great toil and travail he had undergone for many years, or from the wound he received at the retreat from Pavia, that the good Knight was seized with a grievous unintermitting fever, which held him seventeen days, in such sort that his life was despaired of. The poor Gentleman, seeing himself thus brought low by sickness, uttered the sorrowfullest wailings that ever were heard: and stony must have been his heart who could have listened to them without shedding tears. "Alas! my God," said he, "since it was thy good pleasure to take me out of this world so soon, why didst thou not vouchsafe to let me die in the company of that gentle Prince the Duke of Nemours, and with the rest of my compeers at the battle of Ravenna? or why wert thou not pleased that I should end my days at the assault of Brescia, where I was wounded so perilously? Ah! how much happier had I then died! then I should at least have shared the fate of my worthy progenitors, who have ever fallen in the field of battle. Good God! must I, that have passed

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through so great dangers from artillery in engagements, in attacks, in rencounters, from which thou hast graciously permitted me to escape, must I shortly expire like a girl in my bed? Nathless, though I would it were otherwise, yet thy will be done! I am a great sinner, but I repose hope in thy infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, I have grievously offended thee in time past: but I hoped, had I lived longer, with the aid of thy grace, speedily to amend my evil life."

Thus the good Knight poured out his anguish; and so piteously did he plain that not one of his attendants could hold from weeping: out of measure afflicted was his good uncle the Bishop, who offered up prayers to Heaven incessantly on his behalf, and not he only, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, monks, and nuns were employed day and night in supplications for him. And among so many it was impossible but there should be some just person, whom the Lord would be pleased to hear; as was plainly manifested; for his fever gradually left him, and he began to enjoy repose, and regain his appetite for food; so that in a fortnight or three weeks, by good treatment, he was entirely cured, and as jolly as ever: and he began to take a little diversion near the town,

visiting his friends and the Ladies, from house to house, and amusing himself with giving divers entertainments. Insomuch that, as he was no saint, he one day conceived a desire for the company of some young female, and bade a valet of his, named the Bastard Cordon, seek one out for him.

The Bastard, who was diligent enough, and very desirous to please his master, went and addressed himself to a poor Gentlewoman, who had a fair daughter, fifteen years old, and she, by reason of her extreme poverty, consented to give her up for a time to the good Knight, hoping that he would afterward marry her. The damsel was therefore talked to by her mother, who used so many arguments that, notwithstanding her virtuous inclinations, she condescended to the bargain, partly through affection and partly by force. She was therefore secretly conducted by the Bastard to the good Knight's lodgings, and placed in a wardrobe of his. The time for repose being come, the good Knight returned to his lodgings, having supped at a merrimake in the town.

On his arrival the Bastard told him he had brought him one of the handsomest girls in the world, and that she was a Gentlewoman too ; and,

leading him into the wardrobe, shewed her to him. Beautiful she was as an angel, but she had wept till her eyes were quite swelled. When the good Knight saw her in this condition he said: "How now, sweetheart, what is the matter with you? Don't you know why you are come hither?" The wretched maid threw herself on her knees, and said: "Yes, alas! sir, my mother hath told me that I must submit myself to your will. But I have hitherto preserved my honour inviolate, and never would have consented to aught else, save from constraint; but my mother and myself are almost starving, so great is our poverty; and would to God that I had perished! then at least I should not have been added to the number of those most unhappy women, doomed to infamy for the remainder of my days."

When the good Knight perceived her noble spirit, he said, almost weeping: "Be assured, my friend, I will not do so wickedly as to put you from these honourable thoughts." And, turning his corrupt affections into purer ones, he had her wrapped in a cloak, and, making the Bastard take a torch, conducted her himself to sleep with a young Gentlewoman, a relation of his own, who dwelt near his house. Next morning he sent for

her mother, to whom he said: "Come, my friend, speak truly; hath your daughter hitherto led an honest life?" She replied, "Upon my honour, my Lord, when the Bastard came yesterday to fetch her, she was a maid." "Then are you not a wretched woman," said the good Knight, "that go about to corrupt her?" The poor woman was ashamed and afraid, and knew not what to reply, except that they were in the extremest want.

"Now," said the good Knight, "never do so base a deed as to sell your daughter, you that are a Gentlewoman; you ought to be more severely punished for it. Come, is there any one who hath spoken of her for a wife?" "Yes, indeed," said she, "that hath a neighbour of mine; but he requires six hundred florins, and I am not possessed of half that sum." "And if he could obtain so much would he marry her?" said the good Knight. "Ay, certainly," said she. Then he took a purse which he had made the Bastard carry, and gave her three hundred crowns, saying: "Here, my friend, are two hundred crowns, which are worth above six hundred florins of this country, to marry your daughter, and an hundred crowns to buy her clothes." And then he had

another hundred crowns counted out, which he gave to the mother. He ordered the Bastard never to lose sight of them till he saw the girl married, which she was three days after, and conducted herself very creditably, taking her mother into her house. After such a fashion was the affair conducted, by the great courtesy and liberality of the good Knight.

Bayard tarried a while longer in Dauphiny, faring most pleasantly and plentifully, till his master the King of France sent an army into Guyenne, under the command of the Duke of Longueville, for the purpose of recovering the Kingdom of Navarre, which the King of Arragon had a short while before violently usurped from him who held it by a just title, on no other grounds than his having espoused the party of the King of France.

I know not how things were carried in this notable expedition; but, after having spent much time without effecting any thing, the main body of the army returned, and made part of that headed by the Lord of La Palisse past the Pyrenees. Some time after, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, was sent to them by way of recruit, and carried with him some pieces of heavy

artillery. The King of Navarre was driven out along with them. They took some little forts, then proceeded to lay siege to Pampeluna. Mean-time the good Knight went and took a Castle, where he wan high honour, as will be made to appear.

CHAPTER LVI.

How the good Knight took a Castle in the Kingdom of Navarre by storm, while siege was laid to the town of Pampeluna, where he executed a design worthy of a wise and skilful Knight.

AT the time when the gentle Lord of La Palisse, with the King of Navarre, was investing the town of Pampeluna, he received information that it would be expedient to take a Castle, four leagues from thence, which exceedingly annoyed the French camp. I believe there could have been no great force in the place; nevertheless, as it was apprehended that in a little town in the vicinity, called Puente de la Reyna, there might be some who would perchance incline to give it aid, it was deemed necessary to carry

thither a considerable company both of horse and foot.

The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse prayed the good Knight to undertake this enterprise; whereto he, who never shrunk from any toils that were allotted him, instantly acceded. He took his own company, and from that of Captain Bonneval, a brave Knight, a band of adventurers, and two companies of Lansquenets, each consisting of four hundred men; and thus proceeded to the fortress in the open face of day. He sent a trumpet to give those within to understand that they must deliver it up to their Sovereign, the King of Navarre, in which case he would deal mercifully with them, and leave them in possession of their lives and properties; but that, on the other hand, if they were taken by storm, they would all be cut to pieces. They of the fortress, who were soldiers placed there by the Duke of Najara, and the Alcayde de los Donzeles, Lieutenant in the said Realm for the King of Spain, and were all good and loyal servants to their master, made reply that they would not surrender the place and themselves still less. The trumpet returned and made his report, which the

good Knight hearing delayed no longer, but caused four large pieces of artillery that he had with him to be planted before the place, and the same to be well and vigorously cannonaded. They within, about an hundred men in number, had many arquebuses-a-croc and two falconets, which did them good service when discharged at their enemies; yet not so much but that in less than an hour a very large breach was made in the Castle; an inconvenient one however, as it required to be mounted. Now in such contingencies wishing will not do the business.

So the good Knight caused the assault to be sounded, and exhorted the Lansquenets to advance thereto. An interpreter spake for them, and said it was their rule, whenever a place was taken by assault, to require double pay, and that if this were promised they would go to the attack, otherwise not. The good Knight knew of no such regulation; however he replied that, if they took the place, he would answer for their obtaining what they demanded without fail, because he was loth to waste time in disputing the point. It was in vain that he promised: not a Lansquenet would mount the breach. The adventurers set

about the work with spirit ; but were rudely repulsed two or three times ; in effect, the besieged proved that they knew how to fight.

When the good Knight saw their resolution, he thought he should never get the better of them in this way. So he caused the retreat to be sounded, and then ten or twelve shots of artillery to be made, under colour of widening the breach ; howbeit he had a very different matter in his mind ; for, whilst his men were playing the artillery, he went up to one of his gendarms, a very gallant fellow, named Little John de la Vergne, and said to him : “ La Vergne, if you will, you may perform a good piece of service, and one for which you will be rewarded. See you a great tower at the corner of the Castle ? When I shall cause the assault to be recommenced, do you take two or three ladders, and with thirty or forty men essay to get up into that same tower ; for, on my life, you will find no one to defend it, and if you do not enter the place thereby, I give you leave to say whatever you will of me.”

The other comprehended the order well enough. It was not long ere the assault was renewed more fiercely than before, and all belonging to the

Castle flocked to defend the breach, and took no thought of any other place, never imagining that entrance would be effected elsewhere : in which they were overseen, for La Vergne executed his commission successfully, and, without being perceived of them, erected his ladders, and thereby ascended into the tower, with more than fifty of his companions, undiscerned by the enemy till they got into the place, when they cried : “ France ! France ! Navarre ! Navarre ! ” and rushed from behind upon those employed in defending the breach, who, thus taken by surprise, were marvellously daunted. However they put themselves upon their defence, and used the utmost exertions ; but their prowess availed them nothing ; for the assailants got in, knocked every thing to pieces, or little less, and the whole place was ransacked and pillaged. This done, the good Knight left one of the King of Navarre his Gentlemen there, with some companions, then set about returning straight to the camp.

Just as he would have departed, two or three Captains of the Lansquenets came before him, and told him by their interpreter that he ought

to keep his promise of causing double pay to be given them, as the place had been taken. At this demand the good Knight was marvellously incensed, and replied to the interpreter with indignation: "Tell your rascally Lansquenets that I would sooner give them a halter to hang them withal. The base caitiffs! they refused to repair to the assault, and now they demand double pay! I shall indeed speak of it to my Lord of La Palisse, and to his Grace of Suffolk, their Captain General, but it will be to have them cashiered; they are not worth a sous." The interpreter repeated this speech to them, and they forthwith began a fearful outcry. But the good Knight made his people sound to horse, and assembled his gendarms and adventurers, determined, if they made show of attempting anything, to cut them to pieces. By degrees they were quieted, and went to the camp before Pampeluna in troop like the rest. I shall stop here awhile to record a laughable adventure.

When the good Knight arrived, he met with a hearty welcome from the King of Navarre, from the Lord of La Palisse, the Duke of Suffolk, and all the Captains, and he gave them an account

of the conduct of the Lansquenets, which called forth a great deal of merriment. In the evening, he entertained a number of Captains at supper, among others the Duke of Suffolk, Captain General of all the Lansquenets, whereof there were six or seven thousand in the camp.

Just as they were finishing their repast a Lansquenet made his appearance, he had been drinking pretty freely, and knew not what to say when he entered, except that he sought Captain Bayard to kill him, for that he would not cause his own and his comrades' money to be given them. He spoke French a little, but very imperfectly. Captain Pierrepont understood him, and laughing said to the good Knight: "My Lord, here is a Lansquenet come in search of you to slay you." He, being the most facetious and mirthful person in the world, rose from table, sword in hand, and addressed himself to the Lansquenet, saying: "Is it you who seek to slay Captain Bayard? Here he is:—defend yourself." The poor Lansquenet, drunk though he were, was terribly frightened, and replied in very bad French: "It is not I alone that desire to slay Captain Bayard; but all the Lansquenets." "Ha!

on my soul, I am off," said the good Knight, convulsed with laughter, "I am off; I have no mind to encounter seven thousand Lansquenets by myself. A composition, comrade, for God's sake!" All the company laughed amazingly at this speech. The Lansquenet was seated at table, opposite to the good Knight, who went on with him as he had begun: insomuch that before he left the spot he promised to defend Captain Bayard as long as he lived to and against all person's whatsoever, and sware he was a worthy man, and that had good wine. The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse were told of the affair that evening, to whom it afforded as good sport as it had done to the rest.

On the day after the good Knight's arrival, the artillery began to play upon the town of Pampe-luna, which was well battered, and an assault was attempted. But the besiegers defended themselves so well, that the assailants were forced to decamp, not without heavy loss. Within was that gentle Spanish Knight, the Alcaÿde de los Donzeles.

This was a very unfortunate siege; for the French, on entering Navarre, spoiled and wasted

all kinds of goods, brake mills, and destroyed many other things, of which they afterward experienced a great want: for so dire was the famine that it occasioned the deaths of numbers. And never in any army was there a greater lack of shoes; one sorry pair for a footboy cost a crown. In brief, all these untoward circumstances combining, and the Duke of Najara having arrived at Puente de la Reyna, with a supply of eight or ten thousand men, the King of Navarre was advised by the Lord of La Palisse and all the Captains to retire till another season. The siege was therefore raised at noonday from before Pampeluna, and the artillery put upon the road to return; it was carried but a little way however; for the mountains by which it must pass were so rugged, that the French, after having conveyed it three days' journey by means of men and money, were under the necessity of leaving it at the foot of a mountain, where they broke it, at least put it into such a condition that the enemy could make no use of it.

I must observe that, in repassing the Pyrenean mountains, the army suffered extremely from the

failure of provisions. Moreover, not an hour in the day went by without some terrible alarm. The Duke of Suffolk, surnamed The White Rose, Captain General of the Lansquenets, who entertained a warm and thorough friendship for the good Knight, was present at this retreat. Once, when this noble personage had undergone as much fatigue as he was capable of sustaining, and had neither eaten nor drank the whole day, it being necessary to retreat from a skirmish, he went late in the evening to seek the good Knight, and spoke to him thus: "Captain Bayard, I am dying of hunger: I pray you give me somewhat to sup on this day, for my people tell me there is nothing to be had in my lodging." The good Knight, who was never amazed on any occasion, made answer: "Ay marry, my Lord, and you shall be well entertained." Then he called for his steward, and said to him: "Master Mylieu, despatch the supper, and let us fare as well as if we were in Paris." At which speech the Duke laughed for a quarter of an hour, having tasted nothing during the two last days but millet bread.

I can truly aver that the French made as fine a retreat as ever soldiers did in this world, and lost no men except by famine. Specially the good Knight acquired great honour therein, always remaining in the rear till the danger was passed; for this distinction hath ever been conceded him, of being put among the foremost when the army advanced, among the last when it retreated.

Right glad were the French to arrive at Bayonne; for there they were regaled to their hearts' content. But numbers of the infantry who had suffered from hunger killed themselves by over-eating. This was a very disastrous expedition.

The same year died Pope Julius, that lover of the French. The Cardinal of Medicis was chosen to succeed him, with the name of Leo X.

An army of English also came upon the coast of Brittany, but performed no very signal achievement. One day a great ship from England, called *The Regent*, and one belonging to the Queen of France, called *La Cordeliere*, met and grappled each other in order to fight. During the combat, somebody cast fire into one of the

vessels; and in the end they were both consumed. The English suffered a great and grievous loss, there being a considerable number of Gentlemen on board The Regent, who perished, unable to find any means of escape.

CHAPTER LVII.

How Henry King of England landed in France, and laid siege to Theroüenne. Of an action called the Battle of the Spurs, wherein the good Knight performed feats of valour, and did good service to France.

IN the beginning of the year 1513, the King of France sent another great army into Italy, under the charge of the Lord of la Trimouille. A treaty had already been adjusted between the King and the Venetians, who favoured his undertaking. Nevertheless matters fell out very ill for the French; they being worsted in a battle with the Swiss; when the sons of Messire Robert de la Marche, who commanded the Lansquenets, were left for dead on the field, and their father went to seek them in a ditch. The French therefore

were again compelled to quit Lombardy for that year.

On their return the King of France received information that Henry King of England, the Emperor Maximilian's ally, had landed at Calais, with a vast force, to enter into his country of Picardy. Whither, to oppose him, he immediately despatched a numerous army, creating the Lord of Piennes, Governor of that district, his Lieutenant General.

The English, as soon as they had got into the country proceeded forthwith to lay siege to the town of Theroüenne, which was both good and strong, and had been committed to the custody of two intrepid and gallant Gentlemen, the Lord of Teligny, Seneschal of Rouergue, a wise and valiant Captain, and one of the same country, the Lord of Poutdormy, together with their companies, some French adventurers, and some Lansquenets under the charge of Captain Brandec. They were all trained soldiers, and capable of keeping the town a long while, had they been supplied with a sufficiency of food. But in France provisions are usually made neither in season nor in reason. The said town of Theroüenne being

invested by the English, they begun to cannonade it. The King of England was not yet there in person; but Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Captain Talbot attended as his Lieutenants. However in a few days he arrived, but not without undergoing a great fright between Calais and his leaguer before Therouëenne, near a village called Tournehan; for there he fully expected to have been fallen upon by the French, who were in number twelve hundred horse, all very resolute. But at that conjuncture they were accompanied by none of their infantry, which was vastly unlucky for them; the King, on the other hand, had no cavalry with him, but about twelve thousand foot, of which number four thousand were Lansquenets. The two armies therefore approached within cannon-shot of each other. The King of England, perceiving this, was apprehensive of being betrayed; he therefore dismounted, and placed himself in the midst of the Lansquenets. The French wished to begin the attack, particularly the good Knight, who said many times to the Lord of Piennes: "My Lord, let us charge them; no harm can accrue to us from it or very little: for, if we break through them at the first

onset, they must be routed; if they repel us, we can still retire, they being on foot and we on horseback." Almost all the French favoured this opinion, but the Lord of Piennes said: "Gentlemen, I was charged on my life by the King our master to hazard nothing, but simply to guard his country. Do what you please: but, for my part, I will never consent to it." Thus the thing fell to the ground, and the King of England and his band passed on before the faces of the French.

Unwilling to let the affair terminate in this manner, the good Knight with his company attacked their rear, obliging them to draw up so close that they were under the necessity of relinquishing a piece of ordnance, which went by the name of St. John. The King of England had eleven more of the same kind, and he called them his twelve Apostles. This piece was won, and brought to the camp of the French. When King Henry arrived at the leaguer before Therouenne with his people, it may well be supposed what demonstrations of joy were made; for he was a gallant Prince, and exceeding munificent. Three or four days after arrived the Emperor Maximilian, with some bands of Hainaulters and Bur-

gundians. The Princes gave each other a cordial welcome. After that, the approaches were made and the town furiously cannonaded. The besieged played their parts with equal energy, and strengthened their ramparts as well as they were able; but out of question they suffered extremely for lack of victuals.

The King of France had come to Amiens, and daily sent word to his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Piennes, that he must victual Theroüenne at all hazards. This could not be effected without extreme peril, it being entirely surrounded by the enemy. Nevertheless, in obedience to the King's mandates it was determined, that all the gendarmery should be conducted to the French camp, there to raise the alarm: while others, sent with bacon for the relief of the town, should go and throw it into the ditches, whence it might afterwards be fetched by them of the garrison with little difficulty. A day was therefore fixed upon for the execution of this enterprise, whereof the King of England and the Emperor had warning, as may easily be supposed, from certain spies, a description of men by whom camps are usually haunted. There were some treacherous ones at that time, who

pretended to be of the French party, but were in reality in the enemy's interest. The day being appointed for the expedition to victual the town of Theroüenne, the French King's Captains went to horse along with their gendarms. At daybreak the King of England, aware of this enterprise, had stationed ten or twelve thousand English archers, and four or five thousand Lansquenets, with eight or ten pieces of ordnance, on the summit of a rising ground: in order that, when the French had gone by, they might descend, and bar their progress. In the van he had appointed all the cavalry, English, Burgundians, and Hainaulters, to make the attack. I must here state a circumstance which is known to few, and in consequence whereof much blame hath been unjustly cast upon the Gentlemen of France; I mean that of the French Captains' having declared to their gendarms, that this expedition was intended solely for the relief of them of Theroüenne, and that they by no means wished to provoke an engagement; so that if they met a considerable body of the enemy they must retire at a foot pace, which, if pressed, they were to exchange for a trot, and then for a gallop; as they were desirous of avoiding every kind of risk.

Now the French began to march, and approached the town of Theroüenne, within the distance of a league or better, where commenced a rude and vigorous skirmish. The French cavalry behaved very well till they descried upon the hill that large body of foot in two companies, who had advanced beyond them, and were about to descend for the purpose of hemming them in. At this sight the retreat was sounded by the trumpets of the French. The gendarms, after the lesson they had received from their Captains, set about returning at a quick pace. Being closely pursued they proceeded to a trot, and from that to a gallop. Insomuch that the foremost of the enemy rushed upon the Lord of La Palisse, who was in action with the Duke of Longueville, so furiously, that they threw every thing into disorder. The pursuers, who stuck to their point, seeing such sorry conduct, still pushed on, till they made all the French turn their backs. The Lord of La Palisse, and many others, did more than their duty, and cried with a loud voice: "Turn, men at arms, turn; this is nothing." But that was of no avail, every one endeavouring to gain the camp, where the artillery and footsoldiers had been left. Amid this woful

confusion the Duke of Longueville was made prisoner, with many more, among others the Lord of La Palisse; but he escaped out of the hands of them that had taken him.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach retired very sorrowfully, and ever and anon turned round upon his enemies, with fourteen or fifteen gendarms, who had stood by him. In retreating he came up to a little bridge, where no more than two men could pass abreast: and there was a great ditch, full of water, which came from a distance of more than half a league and proceeded to turn a mill three furlongs farther on. When he was upon the bridge he said to them that were with him; "Gentlemen, let us stop here; for the enemy will not win this bridge from us in the space of an hour." Then he called one of his archers and said to him: "Hie you to our camp, and tell my Lord of La Palisse that I have stopped the enemy short for at least half an hour; that during this interval he must make the forces draw up in order of battle; and let them not be alarmed, but softly march hither. For, should the foe advance to the camp, and catch them thus in disarray, they would infallibly be defeated."

The archer goes straight to the camp, and leaves the good Knight, with the inconsiderable number of men by whom he was accompanied, guarding that little bridge, where he did all that prowess could achieve. The Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, but were obliged to fight on the hither side of the bridge, as they could not very easily effect a passage. This gave the French, who had returned to their camp, leisure to place themselves in order, and in a posture of defence, for fear it should be necessary.

When the Burgundians found themselves withstood by such a handful of men, they exclaimed that archers should be sent for with all speed, and some went to hasten them. Meantime above two hundred cavaliers followed the course of the brook, till they found the mill, by which they crossed over. The good Knight, thus inclosed on both sides, said to his people: "Sirs, let us surrender to these Gentlemen; for all the prowess we might display would avail us nothing. Our steeds are weary; our adversaries as ten to one against us; our forces three leagues off; and if we tarry but a little while longer and the English archers come up, they will cut us to pieces." At

these words the foresaid Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, crying: "Burgundy! Burgundy!" and made a mighty onset upon the French, who, having no means of further resistance, surrendered, one here, another there, to those of most seeming consideration. While each was endeavouring to take his prisoner, the good Knight espied, under some little trees, a Gentleman in goodly attire, who, by reason of the excessive heat he was in, whereby he was completely overcome, had taken off his helmet, and was so turmoiled and weary that he cared not to be at the trouble of taking prisoners. He spurred straight up to this person, grasping his sword, which he pointed at the other's throat, and cried: "Surrender, cavalier, or you die." Terribly dismayed was this Gentleman, for he thought that his whole company were taken prisoners; however being in fear of his life, he said: "I give myself up then, since I am taken in this manner. Who are you?" "I am," said the good Knight, "Captain Bayard, who surrender to you; here is my sword. I pray you be pleased to carry me away with you. But do me this kindness; if we meet with any English on the road who may offer to kill us, let me have it back

again." This the Gentleman promised and observed; for as they drew toward the camp they were both obliged to use their weapons against some English who sought to slay the prisoners; whereby they gained nothing.

Then was the good Knight conducted to the camp of the King of England, and into the tent of that Gentleman, who entertained him very well for three or four days. On the fifth the good Knight said to him: "My worthy Sir, I should be right glad if you would have me carried in safety to the King my master's camp; for I am already wearied with being here." "How say you?" said the other; "we have not yet treated of your ransom." "*My* ransom?" said the good Knight; "*your own* you mean, for you are my prisoner. And if, after you gave me your word, I surrendered to you, it was to save my life, and for no other reason." Great was the amazement of that Gentleman, especially when the good Knight added: "Sir," if you don't keep your word, I am confident I shall make my escape by some means or other: but be assured that I shall insist upon doing battle with you afterward." The Gentleman knew not what reply to make, for he had heard a great deal

about Captain Bayard, and by no means relished the idea of fighting with him. However, being a very courteous Knight, he at length said: "My Lord of Bayard, I am desirous of dealing fairly with you; I will refer the matter to the Captains."

Now you must know that the good Knight could not be concealed so carefully, but his being in the camp was soon discovered; and to hear the enemies' descants thereupon you would have thought they had won a battle. The Emperor sent for him, and, on his being conducted to his tent, gave him a wonderful gracious reception, addressing him thus: "Captain Bayard, my friend, it gives me very great pleasure to see you. Would to God that I had many such as you! If I had I should not be very long in requiting the good offices which the King your master and the French have done me in times past." Again he said laughing: "I believe, my Lord of Bayard, we were formerly at war together; methinks at that time it was said that Bayard never fled." To which the good Knight replied: "Sire, had I fled, I should not be here now."

Mean-while, the King of England coming in, the Emperor introduced to his acquaintance the

good Knight, who was by him welcomed with great cordiality, and made on his part such obeisance as it befitted so high a Prince to receive. Then they began talking of this retreat, and King Henry observed that he had never seen people fly so nimbly and in such numbers as the French, who were chased by no more than four or five hundred horse; and the Emperor and he spake of them in very disdainful terms. "On my soul," said the good Knight, "the gendarmery of France ought in no wise to have the blame of this affair imputed to them: for they had express orders from their Captains not to fight; because it was apprehended that, if you offered battle, you would bring your whole force with you, as in fact you did; and we had no infantry nor any ordnance. And you cannot but know, most high and mighty Lords, that the nobility of France are renowned throughout the world. I do not say that I ought to be accounted of their number." "In good sooth, my Lord of Bayard," said the King of England, "if they were all like you, I should soon be forced to raise the siege of this town. But, however that may be, you are a prisoner." "Sire," said the good Knight, "I do not allow it, and

would gladly appeal on this question to the Emperor and you." The Gentleman was present to whom he had surrendered, after having had his word of honour. So he gave them an account of the whole transaction, even as it hath been set down in this history. Which the Gentleman could not contradict in any particular, but said: "What the Lord of Bayard tells you is perfectly true."

The Emperor and the King of England looked at one other. The former broke silence, and declared it as his opinion that Captain Bayard was not a prisoner, but rather the Gentleman a prisoner to him; howbeit that, in consideration of the civility he had shown him, they should be free one of another, and that the former might depart when it should seem fit to the King of England; who was of the same mind, and said that if he would remain on his parole, without bearing arms, for six weeks, he would after give him leave to return, and that in the mean time he might visit the towns of Flanders. The good Knight most humbly thanked the Emperor and the King of England for their condescension, and went to divert himself about the country till the day prefixed. During this time the King of England

had him solicited to enter his service, causing many offers to be made him; but it was lost labour, for his heart was devoted to France.

Now it must be understood that, although the good Knight possessed no great wealth, yet there was not to be found a man in his station, and of his age, who kept a better house than he; whilst he sojourned in the Emperor's dominions he sumptuously entertained the Hainaulters and Burgundians; and although wine was very dear there, they wanted for nothing when they retired to rest, and one day he expended twenty crowns on that alone. Many had been well pleased that he should never have gone away again; however he returned into France at the expiration of the term; and was conducted, with a numerous attendance, till he arrived within three leagues of his master's territories.

The Emperor and the King of England abode some days before Theroüenne, which at length surrendered, for want of food, it being stipulated that the Captains and soldiers should be suffered to depart scot-free, and that the town should not be demolished, nor any mischief done to the inhabitants. The conditions were faithfully observed

toward the military, but not toward the townsfolk; for the King of England had the walls pulled down, and the town itself fired in many places, which was a grievous thing. The French however have since repaired it, and made it stronger than before.

The Emperor and the King of England removed their camp from thence, and went to lay siege to the city of Tournay, which might have held out long enough had the inhabitants chosen to accept the succours which the French were willing to afford them; but they averred that they were equal to their own defence, which proved the cause of mischief; for their city was taken, and put into the hands of King Henry, who fortified it amazingly.

The winter being now far advanced the army was broken up, the King of England withdrawing to his own dominions, the Emperor into Germany. Likewise the King of France his forces disbanded, and were lodged in garrisons on the frontiers of Picardy.

One thing deserves to be put upon record, namely, that while the Emperor and the King of England held their camp in Picardy, the Swiss,

then hostile to the King of France, the Lord of Vergy, and a number of Lansquenets, thirty thousand fighting men all together, made a descent upon Burgundy, where the valiant Lord of La Trimouille, who happened at that conjuncture to be in the country, was Governor, and, not having a sufficient force to encounter them in the field, was compelled to withdraw into Dijon, hoping before that town to detain this numerous host, which shortly laid siege to it in two places, and cannonaded it furiously. The good Lord of La Trimouille exerted himself to the utmost, and was at the ramparts day and night. But when he saw the breaches made, and called to mind how ill he was supplied with soldiers, he perceived plainly that the town was in danger of being lost, and the Realm of France in consequence greatly jeopardded, seeing that, if Dijon were taken, the enemy would proceed to Paris; he therefore caused the Swiss to be secretly treated with, and many pressing remonstrances to be made them, touching the benefits and honours they had received from the House of France, adding that he hoped they should soon become better friends than ever, and that, if they understood their own

interest, they could not but know how infinitely to their prejudice the ruin of that House must prove. They listened to these discourses, and agreed that he should go and parley with them under a safeconduct. Which he did, and prevailed so well, by means of fine speeches, and also by promise of a certain sum of money, for security whereof he gave them his nephew the Lord of Maisieres, the Lord of Rochefort, son of the Chancellor of France, and divers of the citizens, as hostages, that they went home again. For this composition the Lord of La Trimouille was reproached by many, but with great injustice; for never in one day was such service done to France as was by him when he made the Swiss remove from before Dijon: as hath since been felt in various ways.

Terrible events had good King Lewis to contend with during this year 1513, and so had his allies; whereof one of the most considerable, the King of Scotland, thinking to enter England, was defeated in a battle by the Duke of Norfolk, King Henry's Lieutenant, and slain.

The King of France however was so beloved by his subjects that at their intercession God be-

friended him; and, although the greater part of the Princes of Europe had sworn his ruin, especially all his neighbours, he happily preserved his Kingdom. On leaving Picardy he returned by short journeys to his town of Blois, which he held very dear, it being his birthplace; but had not tarried there long ere a great and irreparable misfortune befel him, as I shall declare more fully.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Of the death of the high-minded and virtuous Princess Anne, Queen of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne. Of the marriage of King Lewis the Twelfth with Mary of England, and of the death of the said King Lewis.

THE good King of France, Lewis the Twelfth, after having escaped all the misfortunes by which he was threatened in the year 1513, and settled his garrisons in Picardy, returned to his city of Blois, with a view to take a little recreation there. But the pleasure he looked for was soon turned into sorrow and heaviness; sith, about the beginning of January, his good helpmate and spouse, Anne Queen of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne, fell very grievously sick; and, maugre all the appliances which her own and her husband's phy-

sicians could administer for the restoration of her health, in less than eight days, rendered up her soul to God, an unparalleled calamity to the Kingdom of France, and to the inhabitants of Bretagne a perpetual ground of mourning. The nobility of both countries thereby sustained an indescribable loss; for a more magnanimous, virtuous, wise, liberal, and accomplished Princess had never worn the crown in France, since the name of Queen was known there.

The French and the Britains were not the only people that bewailed her death; it was wept and lamented in Germany, Spain, England, Scotland, and all the rest of Europe. The King her husband was not wont to give away large sums of money, for fear of distressing his people; but this good Lady made up for any deficiency on his part; and there were few persons of merit in her country to whom she had not once in her life made some present. The gentle Princess had not completed her thirty-eighth year when pitiless death snatched her away, to the infinite detriment of all nobility. Whosoever would have her virtues and her life worthily set forth must pray God to raise up Cicero for Latin, and Master Jean de Meung

for French ; none of the moderns are equal to the undertaking.

This mournful and much to be deplored occurrence so deeply afflicted King Lewis, that for eight days he never ceased to weep and to wish it were the Lord's pleasure that he should go keep her company. His only consolation now consisted in two fair and amiable Princesses, Claude and Renée, (the latter about three years old,) who had been born to him of the worthy deceased. She was carried to St. Denys to be interred, and there, as well as at Blois, were the most solemn masses said, for the benefit of hersoul, during more than three entire months, by the whole Kingdom of France. In the Dutchy nothing was talked of but this lachrymable death. And I verily believe it still survives in the minds of many ; for the liberality of her gifts, the benignity of her manners, and the graciousness of her address will render her memory immortal.

About the month of May following, in the year 1514, my Lord Francis, Duke of Valois and of Angoulesme, the nearest heir to the crown, espoused the Lady Claude, eldest daughter of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne, at St. Germain-en-Laye.

In the October of the same year, by means of the Lord of Longueville, who, while a prisoner in England, had treated of a marriage between Lewis the Twelfth and Mary, King Henry's sister, that Lady was conducted to Abbeville, and there espoused by the King of France. He had little need to be married, on many accounts, and no great inclination thereto. But seeing himself surrounded on all sides by war, which he was unable to carry on without miserably draining his people, he imitated the conduct of the pelican: for, after Queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which was a very magnificent one, and many jousts and tournaments had been held, during upwards of six weeks, the good King, who had altered his whole mode of living on his wife's account, (for, whereas he used to dine at eight in the morning, and go to bed at six in the evening, he now dined at noon, and often retired not to rest till midnight,) fell sick at the end of the month of December: from which malady no human aid sufficing to rescue him, he resigned his soul to God on the first of January, after midnight. He had been, throughout his life, a good, wise, and virtuous Prince, who maintained order

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among his people, without oppressing them in any wise, except it were by constraint. In his time he had experienced much both of good and evil, forasmuch as he had had an ample acquaintance with the world. Many victories did he win over his enemies; but at the end of his life fortune looked somewhat unkindly on him. The good Prince was bewept and lamented by all his subjects, and not without reason: for he had maintained concord and strict equity among them. Insomuch that after his death, amid other laudatory things said respecting him, he was called the *Father of the People*;—a title bestowed upon him with great justice. He was not fifty-six years old when he paid the debt of nature. He was taken to St. Denys to be buried among his worthy predecessors, 'mid abundance of weeping and wailing, and to the great grief of all his subjects.

He was succeeded on the throne by Francis I., aged twenty years;—a comely Prince as ever lived. He had espoused the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the King his predecessor, and Dutchess of Bretagne. Never reigned there a King in France, whom the nobility had so much delight in. He was taken to Rheims to

be crowned, accompanied by all his Princes, Gentlemen, and officers, whereof he had an incredible number. In good sooth the lodging houses were crowded; for there was no one, great, or little, or of a middling station, that was not desirous to partake of the festivities.

CHAPTER LIX.

How King Francis I. passed the Alps; how he sent forward the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and how the Lord Prospero Colonna was taken by his subtilty.

AFTER the consecration and coronation of King Francis I. at St. Denys, he repaired to make his entry into Paris, which was the most splendid and pompous one that ever had been witnessed in France; for of Princes, Dukes, Counts, and Gentlemen in arms there were present above a thousand or twelve hundred. That being accomplished, divers jousts and tourneys were held in the Rue St. Anthoine, wherein each displayed his utmost skill. The King gave himself up to these diversions till after Easter. Meantime the treaty was adjusted

between him and the Archduke, Count of Flanders, whereby it was settled that the latter was to marry the Lady Renée of France, the King's sister-in-law. Other matches were also made; as of the Lady Mary of England, widow of the late King Lewis XII., and Dowager of France, with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who was greatly beloved by his master the King of England; and of the Count of Nassau with the sister of the Prince of Orange. The Duke of Bourbon was made Constable of France. About the month of May they left Paris, in the year 1515, and came by short journeys to Amboise, where the gentle Duke of Lorraine espoused the sister of the Duke of Bourbon.

While all these things were a doing, the King of France had secret preparations made for the journey he meditated in order to the conquest of the Dutchy of Milan. By slow degrees he removed his army to the Lyonnois and Dauphiny, where the good Knight, then his Lieutenant in those districts, had already arrived, and was as much beloved by the people as if he had been their natural Lord. Now, as hath been made to appear in many passages, the good Knight always

chose to be put foremost when the army advanced to seek the foe, hindermost when it retreated, as was the case in this journey; for he was despatched with his company, and three or four thousand footsoldiers, to the confines of Dauphiny, and the lands of the Marquis of Saluzzo, all of which he had lost, excepting a very strong Castle, called Ravello. There was a great number of Swiss in garrison in the Marquis of Saluzzo's fortresses; above all, the Lord Prospero Colonna, then Lieutenant General for the Pope, resided in his territories, and held the whole country under contribution, doing with it whatever he thought fit. His forces were numerous, consisting of three hundred chosen gendarms, nobly mounted, and some light horse. By secret intelligence from spies, the good Knight learned what place this Lord Prospero most frequented; and he made many inquiries respecting him, till he was satisfied that, though his other forces might be equal to his own, yet that in point of cavalry he was by no means a match for him. He sent information of this to the Duke of Bourbon, then at Briançon in Dauphiny, and he made it known to the King, who was already at Grenoble, in order that he

might accelerate his journey. In compliance with the good Knight's request, three victorious Captains, the Lords of La Palisse, of Humbercourt, and of Aubigny, were immediately sent off with their bands. Some good tidings had reached Bayard, on which account he descended into the plain of Piedmont, by a place called Droniez: whereof the Lord Prospero was apprized; but made light of it, understanding that he had but his own company with him.

The Lord of Morete, of the House of Le Solier, and a cousin of his, a native of Piedmont, devised a cunning stratagem, and executed it with much ability. It was settled that they should seek the Lord Prospero in the town of Carmagniola, entering the same at night by the Castle, with which they had a private correspondence, but were to defer the execution of this project till the arrival of the French Captains; who tarried not long. They all repaired to the plain of Piedmont, and met in a little town called Savigliano, in which they found the good Knight; he gave them the best possible reception, and spake to them as follows: "Gentlemen, it behoves us not to loiter here; for, if the Lord Prospero learn

that we are arrived, our enterprise must fall to the ground ; as he will either retire, or else call in the Swiss to his aid, of whom there is a good number at Pignerol and at Saluzzo. I am of opinion that we should have our horses well fed this night, and despatch our business at the break of day. There is deep water to pass ; but the Lord of Morete knows a ford by which he will conduct us without danger.”

Thus was the matter adjusted, and all retired to take a little repose, after they had seen that nought was wanting to the horses. Two or three hours after midnight each mounted, without making much stir. The Lord Prospero was within Carmagniola, and had learnt from his spies that the French were out in the country. He felt little dismay at the intelligence, believing no other company to be in the plain save that of the good Knight ; and would scarce have quitted Carmagniola, had he not been warned, the evening before the day on which the French reckoned upon falling in with him, to retire to Pignerol and look after his affairs, it being known for certain that the French were in possession of the passes. He therefore removed, but not very early in the morn-

ing, setting out upon his way, in great order, to dine at a small town, seven or eight miles distant, called Villafranca.

When the French arrived before the Castle of Carmagniola, they had speech with the Governor, who told them how the Lord Prospero and his people had dislodged not a quarter of an hour before; whereat they were unspeakably chagrined, and took counsel together what they ought to do. Some were for going after them; others started objections to this proposal. When each had spoken, the good Knight said: "Gentlemen, since we have proceeded so far, my advice is that we should pursue them. An we meet them in the country, the contest must be desperate indeed, if we carry not off with us some one of their party." "Perdy," said the Lord Humbercourt, "never spoke man better." The Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny made no opposition, but began to march, sending the Lord of Morete forward in disguise, to gain intelligence respecting their enemies. He made good speed, and learnt for certain that the Lord Prospero and his band were to dine at Villafranca. They were well pleased to hear this, and finally arranged their plans thus: the

Lord of Humbereourt was to march forward with an hundred archers, the good Knight going after them at the distance of a bow-shot, with an hundred gendarms: the Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny were to follow, with the rest of their forces. Now hear how the matter fell out.

The Lord Prospero had good spies, and was informed, when going to mass in that little town of Villafranca, that the French were abroad in great force. He replied in his own tongue that he was very certain it could only be Captain Bayard and his band, unless the rest had flown over the mountains. As he was returning from mass other spies came to him and said: "My Lord, I give you notice that I have left above a thousand French gendarms near this place, and that they are coming to seek you here." Somewhat alarmed at such tidings, he turned to one of his Gentlemen, and said: "Take twenty horse, and go with them two or three miles along the road leading from Carmagniola, to see if there be aught which may work us harm."

Meantime he ordered the quartermaster of his bands to bid the trumpet sound, and haste away to secure lodgings at Pignerol, whither he would

follow him as soon as he had eaten a morsel. The behest was promptly obeyed. The French, who were all this time marching in the order that hath been described, approached Villafranca within about a mile and a half, when coming out of a little coppice they met with those the Lord Prospero had sent to scout, who no sooner espied them than they turned their backs, and fled precipitately toward Villafranca. The gentle Lord of Humbercourt pursued them at full speed, and sent an archer to the good Knight to bid him mend his pace. He had no need to repeat the injunction. Before the Lord Prospero's people could gain Villafranca, or, at least, just as they would have entered the gate, they were overtaken by the Lord of Humbercourt, who began to cry "*France! France!*" They strove to shut the gate, which he did his utmost to prevent, exhibiting the greatest efforts of valour, without being wounded, except slightly in the face.

Mean-time the good Knight arriving raised a fearful uproar, insomuch that his countrymen wan the gate. The quartermaster, who was already mounted along with some gendarms, and ready to set out for Pignerol, hearing the noise,

sought to get into the place, and put himself upon the defensive; but he and all with him were unhorsed, and part of them killed. The Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny coming up, stationed a guard at the first gate, and went themselves to keep another, in order that no one might escape, there being only these two in the town. But the utmost caution it was possible to exert could not hinder two Albanians from making off by means of the little plank adjoinant to the drawbridge, and running, as though the devil were behind them, to inform a troop of four thousand Swiss, who were only three miles distant, of the misfortune that had befallen the Lord Prospero; he, mean-time, was assailed in his house, where he was dining, and would have defended himself, like a warrior as he was. But when he found that his efforts would avail him little, and heard the names of the Captains assembled there, he gave himself up to the most poignant anguish, cursing his fate that he should have been thus surprised, and that God had not graciously permitted him to meet the French in the field.

The good Knight, hearing him speak in this manner, consoled him as well as he was able, say-

ing: "It is the condition of war, Lord Prospero, to lose one day and to win the next." But, having always something facetious to say on every subject, he added: "You expressed a wish, Lord Prospero, that you had met us in the open country; better had it been for you, I can safely aver, to have lost the half of your estate, than it should have fallen out so; for such was the fury and appetite unto fighting with which our men were possessed, that neither you nor any of your people would have found it an easy matter to escape alive." The Lord Prospero answered dryly: "I should have been right willing, had it been the Lord's pleasure, to have affronted this peril." At the same time with the Lord Prospero were taken the Count of Policastro, Piero Morgante, and Carolo Cadamosto, Captains of the military there, who were made prisoners likewise. The conquerors then all bent their minds to plunder, which proved considerable for so small a company; and, had it been well managed, might have been made to yield an hundred and fifty thousand ducats. Among other booty they gained a treasure in horses, whereof there were six or seven hundred, four hundred of that number being of high value,

and all coursers, or Spanish horses. The Lord Prospero hath since been heard to say that capture cost him fifty thousand crowns, in gold and silver plate, silver coin, and other goods.

The French had not leisure to carry all away; for news came that the Swiss, to whom those two Albanians had fled, having set off at a quick trot were already close at hand. They therefore agreed among themselves that it was expedient to return, and accordingly, selecting the best of their booty, and placing their prisoners before them, set out upon their march. As they went forth at one gate the Swiss entered by the other; who being on foot, and they on horseback, they made little account of them. It was one of the finest enterprises that had been accomplished for two hundred years; and the Lord Prospero, who had boasted that he would take Bayard like a pigeon in a cage, met with a discomfiture himself, entirely through the vigilance of the good Knight. The King of France was already upon the Alps, by which no army till then had ever passed, and received tidings of this famous overthrow at the mountain of St. Paul; whereat he was wonderfully exhilarated; and so was his

whole company. Certain it is that the taking of Prospero Colonna was of infinite availment to the French ; since, but for that, he would have been at the battle which took place some time after ; and by his means all the Spaniards and the rest of the Pope's army had been there likewise : who would all together have amounted to a thousand horse, and created such trouble and vexation as was well escaped.

CHAPTER LX.

Of the battle which King Francis I. fought against the Swiss on the conquest of his Dutchy of Milan, and in which he came off victorious: and how, after the day was won, he chose to be dubbed by the hand of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

THE King of France, who was much rejoiced at the capture of the Lord Prospero, as he had reason to be, made his army march with all possible celerity, and came to Turin in Piedmont, where his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, received him in an honourable manner.

The Swiss who had stationed themselves at the passes, when they learnt the taking of the Lord Prospero, and the rout of his company, abandoned them, and retired toward Milan whither they

were pursued. There was some speech of a composition, which indeed was looked upon as almost concluded. Wherefore the Duke of Gueldres, the ally and ever loyal servant of the House of France, who had brought a troop of ten thousand Lansquenets to the King's service, returned into his own country; but left his forces to his nephew the Lord of Guyse, brother of that worthy Prince the Duke of Lorraine, and to a Lieutenant of his, called Captain Michel.

This idea of a composition continued to be held out till the King's army approached within twelve or fifteen miles of Milan, whither the Swiss had retired, with that good Prophet, the Cardinal of Syon, who hath all his life been a mortal enemy to the French, as he clearly shewed himself on that occasion; for, although the Lord of Lautrec had gone to *Galeras* with money for the fulfilment of the proposed composition, he harangued the Swiss so forcibly one Thursday evening, and used so many arguments with them, that they rushed frantically out of Milan, like men distraught, and fell upon the King of France his camp.

The Constable, Duke of Bourbon, who led the vanguard, instantly drew up his forces, and made

the King aware of the circumstance, who was just sitting down to supper ; but quitted him directly, and proceeded straight toward his enemies, already engaged in the skirmish, which lasted for a long time ere the general action commenced. The King of France had a great number of Lansquenets, and would be so bold as to pass a ditch, for the sake of encountering the Swiss, who suffered seven or eight files to cross, then fell to pushing them in such sort that all who had got over were thrown into the said ditch ; the Lansquenets were greatly scared, and had it not been for the Lord of Guise, who made a marvellous resistance, and at length was left for dead, the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, the gentle Count of St. Paul, the good Knight, and many more, who broke into this band of Swiss, they would have wrought much mischief ; for it was now night, and in the dark there is no shame. The gendarmery of the vanguard that evening routed this band of Swiss, whereof a part, about two thousand in number, passed by over against the King, who charged them gallantly, and an obstinate contest ensued. So that his person was in imminent danger, and his great buff transfixed by a blow of a pike. It was now so late that the

combatants could not see each other, and were obliged to retire for that evening, the Swiss on one side, the French on the other, and take up with such lodging as they could procure. But I imagine they reposed not much at their ease. The King of France contented himself with the same accommodation as was enjoyed by the least of his soldiers, remaining all night on horseback like the rest.

I must here make mention of an incident relating to the good Knight, which was a very strange one, and very perilous for him. At the last attack made upon the Swiss that evening, he was mounted on a mettled courser, which was the second he had ridden, one being killed under him at the first onset. Just as he would have rushed among them, he was entirely surrounded with pikes, in such sort that the bridle of his horse got loose. The animal feeling itself unrestrained set off at a gallop, and, maugre all the Swiss, and their battle array, passed quite beyond them, and would have carried the good Knight into another troop of Swiss, had not his career been stopped by some vine stocks fastened from tree to tree, which he met with in a field.

The good Knight was much dismayed, and not without reason ; as he must inevitably have lost his life had he fallen into the hands of his enemies. He did not however lose his presence of mind, but softly alighted, threw off his helmet and tassels, and crept along, on hands and feet, by the sides of the ditches toward what, from the shouts of "*France !*" that burst from it, he believed to be the French camp. By the mercy of God he arrived there without danger ; and, better still, the first man he met was the gentle Duke of Lorraine, one of his masters, who was amazed at seeing him thus on foot. So the Duke immediately furnished him with a spirited steed, named *Le Carman*, which had been formerly presented to him by Bayard himself : he had been won at the taking of Brescia, and was left for dead after the battle of Ravenna, when the good Knight leapt from off his back, by reason he had two pike wounds in the flanks, and more than twenty gashes in the head from swords ; but next day he was found grazing, and begun to neigh ; in consequence of which he was brought back to the lodging of the good Knight, and there healed. Incredible things are told respecting him ; he suffered him-

self to be handled, like any reasonable creature, and tents to be put into his wounds, without stirring; and ever after, when a sword chanced to meet his eyes, he would run and seize it fiercely with his teeth. Was never seen a more courageous horse, not even excepting Alexander's famous courser, Bucephalus.

Be that as it may, the good Knight was prodigiously rejoiced to see himself delivered from such extreme peril, and remounted on so good a steed. But he was distressed for want of a helmet; as on similar occasions there is much danger in going bareheaded. Observing that a Gentleman, whom he had a great friendship withal, had put his into the hands of a page, he said to the same: "I am apprehensive of catching cold, having sweat profusely from being so long on my feet. I pray you lend me the headpiece your man carries for an hour or two." The Gentleman, not suspecting the good Knight's design, caused it to be delivered to him; whereat he was well pleased, and never parted with it till the end of the battle, which was not before the tenth or eleventh hour of the next day. For by dawning the Swiss chose to renew the conflict, and went straight to the artillery of the

French, which was liberally served up to them. Yet for all that never fought men better, and the engagement lasted three or four good hours. At length they were broken through, and defeated, ten or twelve thousand dying in the field. The remnant retired in very good order along the high road to Milan, whither they were driven by dint of sword blows, both by the French, and by the Captain General of the Seigniory of Venice, Bartolomeo D'Alviano, who a little while before had arrived with supplies from the Venetians, and in one attack that he made, lost two or three Captains, among the rest the son of the Count Pitigliano. The French sustained a heavy loss; for in the course of the Thursday and Friday fell Francis of Bourbon, the gentle Captain Humbercourt, the Count of Sancerre, and the Lord of Mouy; moreover the Prince of Talmont, and the Lord of Bucy received wounds of which they afterwards died.

The King called a council to decide whether or not the Swiss should be pursued. Many were of many minds. At last it was judged best to let them go; as there would be opportunities enough of fighting them in time to come. The

day that they dislodged from the camp they staid at Milan, and departed on the next for their own land. They were pursued by some, but not to the uttermost; for had such been the King's pleasure no one of them could have escaped.

On the evening of the Friday, when the battle terminated to the glory of France, rejoicings were made in the camp, and the affair was spoken of in divers fashions. And some were found to have behaved better than others; but above all it was determined that the good Knight had approved himself such as he had ever done on all former occasions, when he had been in similar circumstances. The King, desirous of doing him signal honour, received the order of Knighthood from his hands. Wherein he did wisely; for by one more worthy it could not have been conferred on him.

The Lord Maximilian Sforza, who usurped the Dutchy, as his father, the Lord Ludovic, had done before him, remained in the Castle of Milan, which was besieged, but quickly surrendered. A composition was made to his content, and they within were suffered to go their way unmolested.

I shall pass over all that took place during two

months, merely observing that in December the King of France visited the Pope in the city of Bologna, and was by him nobly entertained. They communed together on divers matters, wherewith I shall in no wise cumber this history.

CHAPTER LXI.

Of sundry events which occurred in France, Spain and Italy, during three or four years.

ON quitting Bologna the King of France went to Milan, and, leaving the Constable and Duke of Bourbon there, as his Lieutenant General, returned into his own country, and straightway repaired to Provence, where he found his good and loyal spouse, and his Lady mother, whom he had left Regent in his Kingdom during his absence.

The death of Ferdinand King of Arragon, who had won noble and mighty victories in his day, happened about this time. He was vigilant, crafty, and subtile. Few histories are found to mention that he was ever in his life outwitted ; on

the contrary, he marvellously augmented the possessions of his successor.

The Lord Giuliano de' Medici, whom men called Duke of Modena, Pope Leo's brother, also died about this time. He had wedded the Dutchess of Nemours, daughter of Savoy, and aunt of the King of France.

The Emperor Maximilian, ill pleased at the noble victory which the King of France had gained over the Swiss, and at his having reconquered the Dutchy of Milan, assembled a vast number of Lansquenets and some Swiss of the Canton of Zurick and of the Grey League, and repaired in person to the said Dutchy of Milan; where the Constable, being advised, by reason of the mighty force he brought, not to meet him in the country, retired with his army into the town of Milan, and was there speedily joined by a supply of eight or ten thousand Swiss. Which the Emperor, who was the most timorous man in the world, perceiving, withdrew into his own country. No great honour accrued to him from this enterprise, but to the Constable high renown. The good Knight made many incursions upon the Germans,

and took a number of prisoners ; from whom he got nothing save pike and dagger.

The following year John, King of Navarre, who had been stripped of his dominions by Ferdinand of Arragon, departed this life.

In the same year, about the month of July, a treaty was set on foot between the King of France and the King of Castile, Charles, formerly Archduke of Austria, for the purpose of effecting a marriage between him and Louyse, eldest daughter of France. It was concluded in the town of Noyon, but endured not long. I shall give no account of this treaty, as it is written of sufficiently elsewhere.

About the month of October the indulgence for the Crusade in France was granted by Pope Leo ; whence sprung much scandal and scoffing, by reason of the preachers, who said a great deal more than the Bull imported.

On the last day of February, A.D. 1517, the good, wise, and very excellent Claude, Queen of France was brought to bed of her first son Francis, Dauphin of Viennois, in the town of Amboise ; an event which excited great joy throughout

the Realm of France. Among other cities that of Orleans displayed wonders on the occasion ; for in front of the townhouse, during one whole day, played two fountains, which spouted forth claret and white wine ; and from a little pipe issued hippocrass, which many people stuck fast to, after once tasting it. The Dauphin was baptized in the said town of Amboise. The sponsors were Pope Leo, (for whom his nephew, the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, stood proxy,) the Duke of Lorrain, and the Dutchess of Alençon. Sumptuous were the entertainments given on the occasion.

The same Lord Lorenzo de' Medici at this time took to wife one of the daughters of the Count of Boulogne, and carried her into Italy. She lived a short time only, and he did not long survive her ; but of these two there remained a daughter.

In the year 1519 died the Emperor Maximilian, an event which was the occasion of grief to a number of people. He was endowed with a worthy nature, and as liberal as any Prince that ever lived, and, had he been possessed of wealth,

would have accomplished many things; but he was necessitous in the extreme. His grandson Charles, King of Spain, was chosen to succeed him in the Empire.

CHAPTER LXII.

How Messire Robert de la Marche made some inroads into the territories of the new Emperor, who mustered a great army : and what came of it.

A LITTLE while after, at whose instigation I know not, the Lord of Sedan, named Messire Robert de la Marche, at that time in the service of the King of France, made some inroads into the dominions of the new Emperor, who set about raising a vast army, and such as rendered him lord and master of the open country. The heads thereof were the Count of Nassau, and another Captain, named Francis of Sickingen, a gallant warrior, and one that enjoyed great credit among his fellows. They were very numerous, both

horse and foot, amounting to forty thousand men or more. During this affair, the King of France and the new Emperor were at peace, and required nothing at each other's hands. Wherefore the German army steered its course directly toward the fortresses belonging to the said Lord of Sedan, some of which were besieged, and resolutely defended. However in the end four of them were lost, to wit, Florenge, Buillon, Loigne, and Messancourt: few of the inhabitants of those places being suffered to depart alive. The Lord of Sedan was within his town of that name, which is almost impregnable, and on that account escaped a siege, as did the inhabitants of another place of his called Jamets.

The King of France, when duly certified of this vast army, which was marching on the confines of his province of Champagne, apprehended that some sort of guile would be employed against him. So he sent his brother-in-law, the Duke of Alençon, with a regiment of gendarms, to the frontier, and journeyed himself to Rheims. The Germans made use of artifice to compass their designs; they took nothing in the territories of the King of France without paying well for it; and the Count

of Nassau spread a report in his camp, that he had received orders to this effect from the Emperor his master, he being resolved to maintain the friendship that was between him and France. Yet for all that, without making any denunciation of war, he went and laid siege to a little town, named Mouson, whereof the Lord of Montmor, Master of the Horse in Bretagne, was Governor and Captain for the King of France. The same had some footsoldiers, together with his own company in the town, which possessed no great stock either of ordnance or of provisions; and, what was worse, the inclinations of the soldiery accorded not with the resolution formed by their Governor and Captain of keeping the town till death. So that, make what remonstrances he might to the infantry, he found himself in danger within as well as without. In consequence whereof, to avoid a worse fate, he delivered up the town, stipulating for the lives of the inhabitants. Much murmuring was excited on the occasion, and some censured the conduct of the Captain. But persons of honour and virtue were convinced that he could not have acted otherwise, and that it was owing to no fault of the Lord of Montmor that

he did not fall on the breach ; for if all that were with him had partaken of his spirit the Germans would have proceeded no farther.

This speedy surrender of the town of Mouson gave just cause of alarm to the French, who had never looked for the Emperor's breaking the truce. Howbeit in such cases the sovereign remedy is prompt provision. Mesieres, as the nearest town to Mouson, was considered the one which it was needful to set about the preservation and defence of ; sith, were it lost, Champagne would be brought to a fearful pass. The King of France, when informed of this, despatched the good Knight without fear and without reproach to the said town of Mesieres, there being no man in his Kingdom upon whom he had more reliance. Farthermore he was in hopes of having it kept so well and so long, that his forces might have time to assemble and repel the sudden attacks the Emperor meditated making upon him. This command the good Knight would not have disobeyed for an hundred thousand crowns ; his whole desire being to serve his master, and to gain honour. He gat him into Mesieres, with the young Lord of Montmorency, and

some other youths of gentle blood, who voluntarily accompanied him, as also with a number of foot, in the charge of two young Gentlemen, Captain Boucart, of the house of Reffuge, and the Lord of Montmoreau.

CHAPTER LXIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach kept the town of Mesieres against the Emperor's force, whereby he acquired great honour.

WHEN the good Knight entered Mesieres he found the town in a very unfit condition to hold out against the siege, which he looked for daily. Desirous of exerting diligence which, on similar emergencies, is more efficacious than human sagacity, he caused the work of fortifying to be commenced immediately, and to be carried on day and night. There was not a gendarm or footsoldier unemployed. Himself generally laboured to inspire the rest with alacrity, thus addressing his fellow-warriours:—"What Sirs? shall we incur the reproach that this town was lost through our fault, we who all together

form so noble a company and one consisting of so many worthy persons? Were we in the field, and a ditch of four feet before us, methinks we should still fight for a whole day without being defeated. And, God be thanked, we have ditch, wall, and rampart, on which, ere our enemies set foot, I believe that many a band of them will sleep in the ditches." To be brief he infused such courage into his men, that they all thought themselves in the best and strongest fortress in the world.

Two days after siege was laid to Mesieres on each side the river, the Lord Francis of Sickingen, who had fourteen or fifteen thousand men with him, commanding in the one camp, in the other the Count of Nassau with more than twenty thousand.

The day after the commencement of the siege, the foresaid Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen, sent a Herald to the good Knight, to represent to him, " that it behoved him to deliver up the town of Mesieres, which was not tenable against such a power as theirs. That by reason of the great and laudable spirit of Chivalry that was in him they should be right sorry he

were taken by storm, which would be a great diminution to his honour, and perhaps cost him his life. That in this world one miscarriage is sufficient to sink in oblivion all the noble actions a man may have performed during his whole life before. And that, if he would hearken to reason, they would concede such favourable terms as ought to satisfy him." Divers other notable communications made they to him by this Herald, which having been heard and perfectly understood by the good Knight, he smiled, and, consulting no man alive touching the answer he should make, said to the same without demur, " My friend, I am overwhelmed by the condescension of my Lords of Nassau and Francis Sickingen, in evincing such tender care for the personal safety of one who hath never had any dealings or great acquaintance with them. Friend Herald, you shall return and tell them that the King, my master, had many abler persons than myself in his Kingdom, whom he might have sent to guard this frontier town of ours. But since he hath honoured me by confiding the same to me, I hope, with our Lord's aid, to preserve it for him so long that your master will sooner grow weary of carrying on the siege, than I of enduring

it. Moreover, that I am no baby to be frightened by words."

So he ordered the Herald to be well feasted, and then put out of the town. This latter returned to the camp, and delivered the good Knight's reply, which was not over agreeable to the Lords: in their presence was a Captain, named great John of Picardy, who had spent his whole life in the service of the French Kings in Italy, especially where the good Knight commanded. This person, addressing himself to the Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen, said openly, "My Lords, never expect to enter Mesieres while the Lord of Bayard is alive. I know him; many times hath he led me to battle. Now he is of that stamp that, had he the greatest dastards upon earth under him, he would make them valiant. Depend upon it, all that are with him will die at the breach, and himself the first, ere they suffer us to set foot in this town. For my own part, I should rejoice were two thousand more soldiers put into the place, and he only taken away." The Count of Nassau made answer:—"Captain great John, the Lord Bayard is neither of iron nor of steel, any more than another. If

he be a gallant warriour, let him shew it; for, ere four days be over, I will have so many cannon-shots poured out upon him, that he shall not know on which side to turn." "We shall see how it will fall out," said Captain great John; "but the upshot will hardly be such as you look for."

Here this conversation ended. The Count of Nassau and the Lord of Sickingen arranged their batteries, each in his own post, and commanded the utmost efforts to be made for the taking of the town. Which was accordingly done; and, in less than four days, above five thousand shots of artillery were discharged. The besieged made return proportionably to the ordnance they were furnished with. But great damage was done to the town by Sickingen's camp, which, being in an elevated situation, carried on the work of storming much more commodiously than that of the Count of Nassau. The good Knight, though accounted inferior to no man living in respect of hardihood, possessed another quality equally commendable, being one of the subtilest, most vigilant warriours that you could meet with. He revolved how he might discover some method of obliging the Lord Francis of Sickingen,

from whose camp he sustained so much injury, to repass the water. So he had a letter written to Messire Robert de la Marche, then at Sedan, in substance as follows:—" My Lord Captain, I believe you have been fully informed how I am besieged in this town, in two places: on one side of the river is the Count of Nassau, on the other the Lord Francis of Sickingen. Methinks you told me half a year ago, that you would find means to induce the Count, your ally, to enter the service of the King our master. For as much as he is reputed a very gallant personage, I should rejoice thereat. Now if you deem this possible to be accomplished, you will do well to ascertain the same from him; and better to-day than to-morrow. If he prove of this mind I shall be well pleased: if not, I give you notice that, ere four and twenty hours be over, he and all his camp will be cut to pieces; for three short leagues hence twelve thousand Swiss and eight hundred gendarms are come to take up their quarters for the night; and to-morrow at break of day they purpose falling on his camp, while I shall make a sally from this town by one side; insomuch that he must be dexterous indeed to escape. I have

thought fit to give you this intimation, but I pray you let the thing be kept secret."

When the letter was writ he laid hold of a peasant, gave him a crown, and said to him, "Hie you to Sedan, which is but three leagues hence, carry this letter to Messire Robert de la Marche, and say that it is Captain Bayard who sends it him." The man set off incontinently. Now the good Knight knew well that there was no possibility of his passing without being taken by the Lord Francis of Sickingen's people, as he was, ere he had got ten bow-shots from the town, and forthwith brought before the said Lord, who asked him whither he was bound. The poor fellow, terribly gasted at the prospect of death, whereof he stood in great danger, replied: "My Lord, the great Captain who is in our town would send me to Sedan with a letter to Messire Robert de la Marche," at the same time the good man took it out of a little bag in which he had placed it.

As soon as the Lord Sickingen laid hands on this letter, he opened and read it, and was much dismayed when he found what the contents of it were. He began to suspect that the Count of

Nassau had made him take up his station across the river out of malice, and on design to work his overthrow; for there had previously been some little heart-burning between them, because this Lord Francis of Sickingen was not very willing to submit to the Count. Scarcely had he finished the letter when he exclaimed aloud: "I am now convinced that my Lord of Nassau seeks no other than my destruction; but by God's blood he shall not go away with it so." Then called he to him five or six of his most intimate friends, and disclosed to them the contents of the letter, whereat they were as much astounded as himself. He asked advice of no one; but, causing the retreat to be sounded by beat of drum, and all the baggage to be taken up, removed to the other side of the river.

When the Count of Nassau heard the noise, he was much surprised, and sent a Gentleman to make inquiry concerning the same, who, on arriving, found the camp of the Lord Francis of Sickingen in arms. He asked what was the matter, and was told that the Lord Francis intended passing over to the Count of Nassau. The Gentleman brought back word thereof to the Count, whereat he was greatly dismayed, knowing that by this

step the siege of the town must be raised perforce. He therefore sent word to the Lord Francis, by one of his confidential friends, that it behoved him to desist from removing his camp, till they had conferred together, and that by failing to comply with this injunction he would ill promote their master's service. The messenger repeated the same to him, but Sickingen, highly incensed and exasperate, made answer: "Go back, and tell the Count of Nassau, that I will do no such thing, and have little mind to await the slaughter for his pleasure; and that, if he resolve to hinder my taking up my station near him, arms shall decide whether he or I be to remain in possession of the field."

The Count of Nassau's Gentleman returned and told him what he had heard from the mouth of the Lord Francis of Sickingen. Never any man was more confounded than he; however, to provide against a surprise, he placed his men in order of battle. Mean-time, those of the Lord Francis passed over, and, that done, arranged themselves likewise for fight. To look at them you had thought they intended setting on each other, and drums were beaten with great vehe-

mence. The poor man who had brought the letter, the occasion of all this coil, escaped, God knows how ; and, returning unto Mesieres, bewildered with fright, like one that looked upon himself as delivered from death, made his appearance before the good Knight, to whom he offered many apologies, saying, that at no great distance from Sedan he was seized, and brought before the Lord Francis of Sickingen, who, having seen his letter, had thereupon immediately dislodged.

The good Knight laughed obstreperously at this ; for he perceived that his letter had set the Lord Francis a thinking. He went out upon the rampart with some Gentlemen, and beheld those two camps in battle array, one facing the other. " Perdy," said he, " since they will not begin to fight, I will." So he caused five or six cannon-shots to be made into the midst of the enemies' ranks, who were at length composed and retired to their tents. Next day, peace being mediated between the two parties, they prepared for decampment, and raised the siege, without daring to make the assault, all for fear of the good Knight. Between the Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen concord was not so speedily

established, and they remained asunder for more than a week. The former marched toward Picardy, by way of Guyse, carrying fire wherever he went, while the Count shaped his course northward; but soon after they were reconciled, and became friends.

After such a fashion was raised the siege of Mesieres, whereby the good Knight without fear and without reproach won a crown of laurel, (though no assault was made), he having kept the enemy at bay for three weeks. During which time the King of France raised a vast and very puissant army to combat his enemies. He repaired in person to his camp, where the good Knight paid his respects to him, and retook the town of Mouson on his way thither. The King his master gave him an excellent reception, and was never weary of commending him in presence of every one. Eager to make some honourable return for the great and praiseworthy service he had recently performed, he made him a Knight of his own order, and gave him the command over an hundred gendarms; then marched in pursuit of his enemies, whom he hunted out of his dominions, driving them into Valen-

ciennes, where the good Knight behaved as was his wont. The Germans did much scath to Picardy by means of fire. But the French were not unmindful of the benefit, and repaid it twice over in Hainault.

When the King returned to the town of Compiègne, he received tidings from Genoa, which made him judge it needful to send thither some valiant, sage, and circumspect Knight. Wherefore, being well acquainted with the admirable qualities of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and with his unwearied zeal in the performance of services, he intrusted the commission to him, earnestly beseeching him, for his sake, to undertake the journey, as he placed great hopes in the efficacy of his presence. It was accepted as cheerfully as it had been proffered ; and the good Knight accordingly crossed the Alps, and was very well received at Genoa by the Governor, the Gentry, and the inhabitants in general, and had great honour and observance shewn him by every one, so long as he remained there.

Many affairs took place in Italy, whereof I

forbear to treat, for various reasons. We shall proceed to relate the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach;—an irremediable affliction, a distressful and calamitous event to all the Nobility of France.

CHAPTER LXIV.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach was killed by a shot of artillery, on occasion of a retreat in Italy.

AT the beginning of the year 1524, the King of France had a vast army in Italy, under the command of his Admiral, the Lord of Bonnivet, to whom he had given that charge, being kindly affectioned toward him. The same had in his company, many good Captains. In particular there had newly arrived a young Prince of the house of Lorraine, named the Count of Vaudemont, who had an ardent desire to learn the profession of arms and to emulate his ancestors by worthy achievements. Now the camp of the King of France was at that time held in a little town

called Biagrassa; where the Commander in chief, namely the Admiral, being present, he one day called the good Knight to him, and said: "My Lord of Bayard, you must go take up your quarters at Rebecco with two hundred gendarms, and Lorges his infantry; for thus we shall terribly annoy them of Milan, both by intercepting provisions, and by gaining intelligence respecting their affairs."

Now you must understand that, albeit the good Knight never murmured at any commission that was given him, he could not be very well satisfied with this, which he knew to be dangerous and doubtful. He therefore made answer as to his Sovereign's Lieutenant: "My Lord, I cannot tell how the matter may appear to you, but for the keeping of Rebecco, situate as that town is, half the soldiers in our camp would be absolutely needed. I know our enemies that they are vigilant, and am very certain it will be most difficult for me to steer clear of disgrace in that post, conscious as I am to myself that, if a band of our enemies were there, I should certainly go some night and take them at a disadvantage. Wherefore, my Lord, I implore you to consider well whither you are

sending me." The Admiral talked a great deal about the matter, bade him be under no concern, as not a mouse could stir from Milan without his receiving information of it: in short, used so many arguments of different kinds, that the good Knight, much troubled in spirit, set off with the forces given him, and entered Rebecco; but took with him only two great horses, sending his mules and all the rest of his train into Novara, as though he foresaw that what he retained would be lost.

Arrived in this village of Rebecco, they took counsel together how it might be fortified; but could devise no means of doing it, except by blocking up the avenues with barriers; yet, for all that, entrance might be effected on every side. The good Knight many times wrote word to the Admiral that he was in a very dangerous situation, and that if he wished him to abide there long, he must send him a supply; but received no sort of answer from him. The enemies, who were within Milan fourteen or fifteen thousand strong, learnt from their spies, that the good Knight was in Rebecco with a slender company, whereat they rejoiced amazingly, and resolved to fall upon

him some night by surprise, and give him a defeat ; in pursuance of this intention they went abroad at midnight, to the number of six or seven thousand foot, and four or five hundred horse. They were guided by persons who knew the village, and the houses of the principal inhabitants. The good Knight, ever apprehensive, set half of his people to watch or to scout almost every night, and spent two nights himself in the same occupation, so that he fell sick through cold and melancholy, and was much worse than he let appear. One day, however, he was obliged to keep his room.

On the evening of the same, he ordered some Captains that were with him to go and keep guard, and to look out sharp on every side, lest they should be surprised ; they obeyed, or pretended to do so, but, because it rained a little, all that had gone to watch quitted their post, leaving three or four wretched archers only to perform that duty. The Spaniards were marching all this time, and, in order to know one another more easily by night, wore each a shirt above his armour. When a bow-shot off the village they were much surprised at finding no one, and imagined

that the good Knight had received information of their enterprise and retired to Biagrassa. However they continued their march, and had not proceeded an hundred paces ere they found those few archers that had remained upon guard, whom they attacked without uttering any shout. The poor creatures offered no resistance, but took to flight, crying: "*Alarm! Alarm!*" and were so smartly pursued that their enemies reached the barriers before them. The good Knight, who never slept on such dangerous occasions but in his clothes, with vantbrace and tasses on and cuirass by his side, rose instantly, and, bridling a horse that was ready saddled, mounted, and went with five or six of his gendarms straight to the barrier, where Captain Lorges and a band of his infantry immediately joined him, and behaved with great resolution.

The enemies went about the village, seeking the good Knight's lodging; for, could they have taken him, the rest had been easy; but as yet they laid not hands on him. Great was the uproar, and dire the affright. During this combat at the barrier the drums of the enemies' infantry, who were beating the alarm with might and

main, reaching the ears of the good Knight, he said to Captain Lorges: "My friend Lorges, here is an unequal game; if they pass this barrier, it is all over with us. Draw off your men, I beseech you; keep as close as you can, and march straight to Biagrassa. I will remain to the last with my gendarms. We must abandon our baggage to the enemy; there is no help for it. Let us save the lives of our soldiers if that be possible." As soon as the good Knight had spoken Captain Lorges obeyed his behest, and retreated, while the rest were keeping up a resistance at the barrier. The major part of the French got on horseback, and retired, as chance directed, with great gallantry, and in such sort that they lost not ten men.

Most of the enemies had alighted, and were seeking the good Knight among the houses and on every side; but he was already at Biagrassa; there, on his arrival, some high words passed between him and the Admiral, whereon I shall not enlarge, merely observing that, had they both lived longer, the affair would not perchance have ended where it did. The good Knight had like to have died of vexation at this adventure

especially as it happened through no fault of his : but in nothing are there so many vicissitudes of fortune as in war.

Some little time after this retreat from Rebocco, the Lord Admiral, finding his camp daily diminish, as well through lack of food, as through sickness, which prevailed among his men, held a council with his Captains, wherein it was judged best to retire ; and he formed his squadrons, the good Knight remaining, as usual on all retreats, in the rear. The Spaniards followed them every day, marching after the French in excellent order, and often skirmishing ; but, when it came to the attack, they invariably had to encounter the good Knight, who shewed them so determined a countenance as made them bide quiet enough ; nay, he oftentimes confined them within their main troop.

On the two sides of a great road they stationed a number of arquebusiers and *hacquebousiers*, who carry as large stones as doth a croc-arquebuse ; with these they dealt many blows, and one of them, hitting the gentle Lord of Vendenesse, gave him a wound of which he died some time afterward, to the great loss of France. He was little in person,

but in greatness of soul and in valour surpassed by no one. That young Lord of Vaudemont, who was a novice in the profession of arms, behaved with amazing gallantry: and made a number of admirable charges, insomuch that it seemed as though he had been used to the thing all his life.

Mean-time the good Knight caused his gendarms to march with as much composure as if he had been in his own house, and slowly retired, keeping his face ever toward the foe, and brandishing his sword, wherewith he inspired more dread than an hundred others. But it so fell out, by the sufferance of God, that a stone, discharged from an *hacquebouze*, struck him across the loins, and completely fractured his spine. As soon as he felt the blow he cried out, "*Jesus!*" and then "Oh God! I am slain!" He took hold of his sword by the handle, and kissed the cruciform hilt thereof, in allusion to the cross, exclaiming aloud: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*" After that he waxed quite pale, as one swooning, and nearly fell: but he still had strength to grasp the saddle-bow, and remained in this posture till a young Gentleman, his steward, helped him to dismount, and placed

him under a tree. It was not long ere it became known among friends and foes, that Captain Bayard had been killed by a shot of artillery, whereat all who heard the news were greatly troubled.

CHAPTER LXV.

Of the profound mourning that ensued upon the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

WHEN the tidings of the good Knight's being killed, or at least mortally wounded, were spread among the two armies, even at the camp of the Spaniards, though there was no man upon earth whom they had a greater dread of, was much sorrow excited in all the Gentlemen and soldiers, and that on many accounts; for he had ever been wont, when he made military excursions, and took prisoners, to treat them with singular mildness, and was so lenient in regard of their ransoms, that he gave content to every one. They knew that by his death all that was noble would suffer a grievous decline; for, without derogating from others, he was a paragon of Knights. And by warring with him the younger Gentlemen of the adverse

army were instructed. One of their chief Captains, the Marquis of Pescara, going to see him before he rendered up his soul, pronounced a lofty eulogium on him in his own language, but to the following effect; "Would God, gentle Lord of Bayard, that, by parting with a quart of my own blood, (so that could be done without loss of life,) and by abstaining from flesh for two years, I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have manifested how highly I honoured the exalted prowess that was in you. The first tribute of praise that my nation paid you, when they said,* '*Muchos Grisones, y pocos Bayardos,*' was not undeservedly bestowed; for since my first acquaintance with arms have I never seen or heard tell of any Knight who can compare with you in all admirable qualities: and though I have reason to rejoice at beholding you thus, being assured that my master, the Emperor, in his wars had no greater and more formidable adversary than yourself, nevertheless, when I consider the heavy loss which all Knight-hood sustains this day, may God never aid me if

* Many grey horses, and few bayards or bay ones.

I would not give the half of all I am worth in the world that it were otherwise; but, since from death there is no refuge, I make supplication to Him who hath created us all in his likeness, that he will be pleased to take back your soul unto himself." In such lugubrious and regretful strains did the gentle Marquis of Pescara and many other Captains lament over the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and I believe there were not six persons in the whole Spanish army that came not to see him, one after another.

Now seeing that his death was so earnestly bewailed by his enemies even, how can I describe the profound sorrow it occasioned throughout the French camp among the Captains, gendarms, and footsoldiers? For by each in his station he had made himself marvellously beloved. You would have thought of every one of them that he had lost a father or a mother. Above all the unhappy Gentlemen of his company made inexpressible lamentation. "Alas! thou treacherous fiend!" said they, speaking to death, "wherein had this excellent and virtuous Knight offended thee? Thou hast not avenged thyself on him alone, but hast plunged all of us into affliction, that thou

mayest do thy worst against us as well as against him. Under what shepherd shall we now go forth into the field? What guide can God now give us with whom we may be as safe as we were with him? For in his presence not one but felt as secure as in the strongest fortress upon earth. Where shall we henceforward find a Captain who will redeem us when we are taken prisoners, who will aid us to remount when we are unhorsed, and will support us in the way that he did? It is impossible. Oh cruel death! this is ever thy wont!—the more excellent a man is, the more thou delightest to overthrow and destroy him! Yet so cunningly canst thou not play thy part, but that, in spite of thee, though thou mayest have deprived him of life in this world, his renown and glory shall be immortal while that shall endure; for his life hath been so exemplary that the memory of it shall survive to all the valiant and virtuous Knights that shall come after him.”

Such signs of woe did these poor Gentlemen discover that had the most stony-hearted person upon earth been present he must have participated in their distress. His miserable domestics were in a trance of grief; among them was his

poor steward, who never quitted his side ; and to him the good Knight confessed for want of a priest. The unhappy Gentleman melted into tears seeing his good master so mortally hurt that no remedy could avail to save his life. But the good Knight sweetly consoled him, saying : “ My friend Jacques, cease thy mourning ; it is God’s will to take me out of this world ; by his favour I have abode long therein, and received blessings and honours more than are my due. The only thing which makes me loth to die is that I have not done my duty so well as I ought : and in good sooth I hoped, had I lived longer, to have redeemed my passed transgressions. But since it hath fallen out thus, I implore my Creator, of his infinite mercy, to have compassion upon my poor soul : and I entertain a hope that he will hear my prayer, and, through his great and incomprehensible goodness, will forbear to deal with me after the rigour of justice. Prithee, friend Jacques, let me not be taken from this spot, for when I am stirred I feel the utmost torment that it is possible to experience, short of death, which is about to seize upon me right soon.”

A little while before the Spaniards arrived at

the place where the good Knight had been wounded, he had speech with the Lord of Alegre, Provost of Paris, to whom he declared somewhat touching his will. Also a Swiss Captain, named Hans Diesbach, came thither, and was desirous to carry him off upon pikes with five or six of his people, thinking so to save him. But the good Knight, who well knew how it was with him, begged that he might be left a brief space to think about his soul; as to remove him thence would only serve to shorten his existence. The two Gentlemen, therefore, were constrained, with many tears and groans, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. But let it not be imagined that they did so without deep grief of heart,—for they would have abandoned him at no rate; but he said to them; “Gentlemen, I entreat you go your way, or you will fall into the hands of the enemy, and that would profit me nothing, for my end is come. To God I commend you, my good Lords and friends; and to you I commend my wretched soul; furthermore beseeching,” (this he addressed to the Lord of Alegre,) “that you salute the King our master for me, and say how much it troubles me, that I can render him no farther

service, which I had every inclination to do ; likewise their Highnesses the Princes of France, and the Gentlemen of my company, and of the much honoured Realm of France in general, salute them all, when you see them, on my part." As he uttered these words, the noble Lord of Alegre wept bitterly, and then bade him farewell.

He lived two or three hours longer, his enemies spreading a fine pavilion for him, and laying him upon a camp-bed: also a priest was brought him, to whom he confessed devoutly, saying these very words: " My God ! I am assured that thou hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into mercy and to forgive whoso shall return to thee with a sincere heart, however great a sinner he may have been: Alas ! my Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, of which I repent with my whole soul. Full well I know that, had I spent an hundred years in a desert on bread and water, even that would not have entitled me to enter thy Kingdom of Heaven, unless it had pleased thee, of thy great and infinite goodness, to receive me into the same ; for no creature is able in this world to merit so high a reward. My Father and Saviour ! I entreat thee be pleased

to pass over the faults by me committed, and shew me thy abundant clemency instead of thy rigorous justice."

At the conclusion of this speech the good Knight without fear and without reproach rendered up his soul to God; whereat all of the enemy were unspeakably afflicted. The heads of the Spanish army appointed certain Gentlemen to bear him to the church: where solemn service was performed over him during two days. Then was he by his servants carried into Dauphiny, and the Duke of Savoy, in whose territories the body rested on the way, had as much respect paid to it, as though it had been that of his own brother. It would be superfluous to enter into the particulars of the mourning which took place in Dauphiny, when the good Knight's death was known there; prelates, churchmen, nobles, and commoners all equally partook in it: and I believe that no Gentleman had been so bewailed in that country for an hundred years. Persons went before the body till they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and it was conveyed from church to church in great honour till it approached Grenoble: where the Lords of the Session of Justice of Dauphiny,

the Lords of the Exchequer, near all the nobles of the country, and great part of the burgesses, habitants of Grenoble, went out half a league to meet the body, and carried it to the Church of Nostre Dame at the said Grenoble, where it rested a day and a night, solemn service being performed over it there. Next day it was conducted with the same honour as it had entered Grenoble unto a convent of Minims, which was half a league from the town, and had been formerly founded by his good uncle, Laurent Aleman, Bishop of Grenoble, where it was honourably interred. Then each retired to his own house. But during a whole month it seemed as if the people of Dauphiny were in expectation of imminent ruin; as they did nought but weep and lament, and abstained from festivals, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes. Alas! they had good cause for sorrowing;—a heavier loss that country could not have sustained. And whosoever was grieved in heart thereat, be sure that it very nearly concerned all poor Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, to whom he was in the habit of secretly imparting a portion of what he possessed. But

with time all things pass away, saving the love of God. Whom the good Knight without fear and without reproach loved and revered during his life, and now after death fame attends him, such was his conversation in this world among all sorts of people.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Of the virtues appertaining to the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

ALL nobless ought to have put on mourning when the good Knight without fear and without reproach departed this life; for it is my belief that, since the creation of the world, neither among Christians nor Heathens, hath any human being appeared that hath done less that is dishonourable or more that is honourable than he. It is a common saying that there never lived a man entirely free from vice: this maxim holds not good with regard to the Chevalier Bayard; for I call upon all who have seen him to witness, and truly to declare whether they ever discovered a single vice in him. On the contrary God had endowed him with all the virtues which can belong to a perfect character, and which he well knew

how to display, each on its proper occasion. He loved and feared God above all things, never swore by him nor blasphemed him, and in all his affairs and necessities recurred to him alone; having a settled conviction, that from him and from his grace and infinite goodness all things proceed. He loved his neighbour as himself, whereof he made ample manifestation throughout his life; for he never possessed a crown which was not at the service of the first person that had need of it: and he often secretly supplied poor Gentlemen, that were reduced to indigence, with money, according to his means, never requiring any sort of return at their hands.

He followed the wars under Charles the Eighth, Lewis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, Kings of France, for the space of two and thirty years, in the course of which time was no man found that surpassed him in the noble profession of arms; and his valour was perfectly unequalled. In discretion he was a Fabius Maximus, in subtile enterprises a Coriolanus, in strength and courage a very Hector, fierce with his enemies, mild, peaceful, and affable with his friends. No soldier under his command was ever thrown from his horse

whom he did not assist to remount. Aiming to make a present in the most grateful manner, he would often exchange a courser or a Spanish horse of the value of two or three hundred crowns, with one of his gendarms, for a curtal not worth above six, persuading the Gentleman that the horse he gave him suited him exactly. It was a common thing with him to give a dress of velvet, satin, or damask for a little cloak. This he did in order to bestow his bounties the more amiably, and to the satisfaction of every one. It might be said that it was not in his power to make large presents, because he was poor. Yet he had the character of being as munificent, according to his ability, as the greatest Prince upon earth. In his life he gained as much as an hundred thousand franks during war by prisoners, all of which he distributed among those that had need of them.

He was a great giver of alms, and he gave in secret too. Certain it is, that, without making any noise about the matter, he enabled an hundred poor orphan girls, of gentle birth or otherwise, to marry. Poor widows he comforted, and made them share his substance with him. Always before quitting his chamber he recommended him-

self to God ; but when he did this he desired to be alone. In a conquered country, if it were possible to find any man or woman belonging to the house in which he lodged, he never failed to pay for what he thought he had spent. Men oft said to him : " Sir, it is throwing away your money to bestow it thus, for, when you depart, this place will be fired, and what you have given will become the prey of spoilers." Whereto he made answer, " Gentlemen, I do my duty ; God hath not sent me into the world to live upon plunder and rapine ; besides, this poor man may go hide his money at the foot of some tree, and, when the country is free from war, he will be able to make use of it, and will call upon the Lord for me."

He was in many wars with the Germans, who have a custom of setting fire to their lodgings when they quit them ; the good Knight never left his till he learned that they were gone by ; otherwise, he placed guards there to hinder the house from being fired. Among all sorts of men he was the most gracious person imaginable, the one who most honoured people of virtue, and who spake least concerning the vicious. He was very inexpert at flattery and fawning ;

he had the greatest possible regard for truth; and never paid court to any Prince or great personage whatever by saying aught contrary thereto. Of worldly pelf he took no thought at all, as he clearly proved, being at his death little richer than he was at his birth hour. When others told him of rich and powerful people, who were thought to possess a scanty stock of virtue, he turned a deaf ear to such discourse, and made little reply. On the other hand, he was never weary of talking about the virtuous. In his heart he honoured a worthy Gentleman with an income of but an hundred franks, as highly as a Prince with one of an hundred thousand; and it was his creed that riches ennoble not the heart.

Captain Louys d'Ars bred him up in his younger days, and under him he acquired the rudiments of the military art; on which account he paid him as much honour, all his life long, as if he had been the mightiest monarch in the world; and, when his name was mentioned, the good Knight joyed greatly thereat, and thought he never could say enough in his praise. None ever followed the profession of arms who better knew all the tricks

of it; and he often said that there is no one thing upon earth in which you are oftener deceived; for a man will play the hero in a chamber, who in the field before the foe is as soft as a maiden. He, in his day, made small account of gendarms, who abandon their ensigns to put on a shew of valour, or for the sake of plundering. He was the most intrepid warrior that ever lived, and by his words alone could have moved the sorriest coward upon earth to fight.

He gained noble victories in his time, but was never heard to brag of them: if he were under the necessity of alluding to such subjects, he always ascribed the merit to some one else. During his life he warred with Englishmen, Spaniards, Germans, Italians, and other nations, and was present in many battles lost and won; but when they were won, Bayard was always in part the cause of it, and when they were lost he ever acquired great honour by his conduct on the occasion. He would never serve any but his own Prince, under whom he enjoyed no great riches; much more abundant were tendered him elsewhere during his lifetime. But he always declared that he would die to promote the welfare of his country.

He never in his life declined a commission, though many perilous ones have been proposed to him; but God, whom he had constantly before his eyes, gave him power to maintain his honour: and to his dying day he never had so much steel taken from him as would have made a needle's point.

He was Lieutenant for the King, his Master, in Dauphiny, where he so completely gained the hearts both of nobles and plebeians, that they would all have laid down their lives for him. That he was prized and honoured in his own country needs excite no wonder; for he was so still more by all other nations: and that not for a year or two only, but as long as he lived; and indeed he continues to be so now after his death; for the good and virtuous life he led confers upon him deathless renown. He never was known to uphold the dearest friend he had upon earth in defiance of equity: the good Gentleman was wont to say, that every Empire, Kingdom, or Province, without justice, may be likened to a forest full of robbers. In war he possessed three excellencies which well beseemed an accomplished Knight; the attack of the greyhound, the wild boar's de-

fence, the speed in pursuit of the wolf. His perfections indeed can be worthily described by none but a finished orator ; I, a man of slender parts and little learning, own myself all unequal to the task.

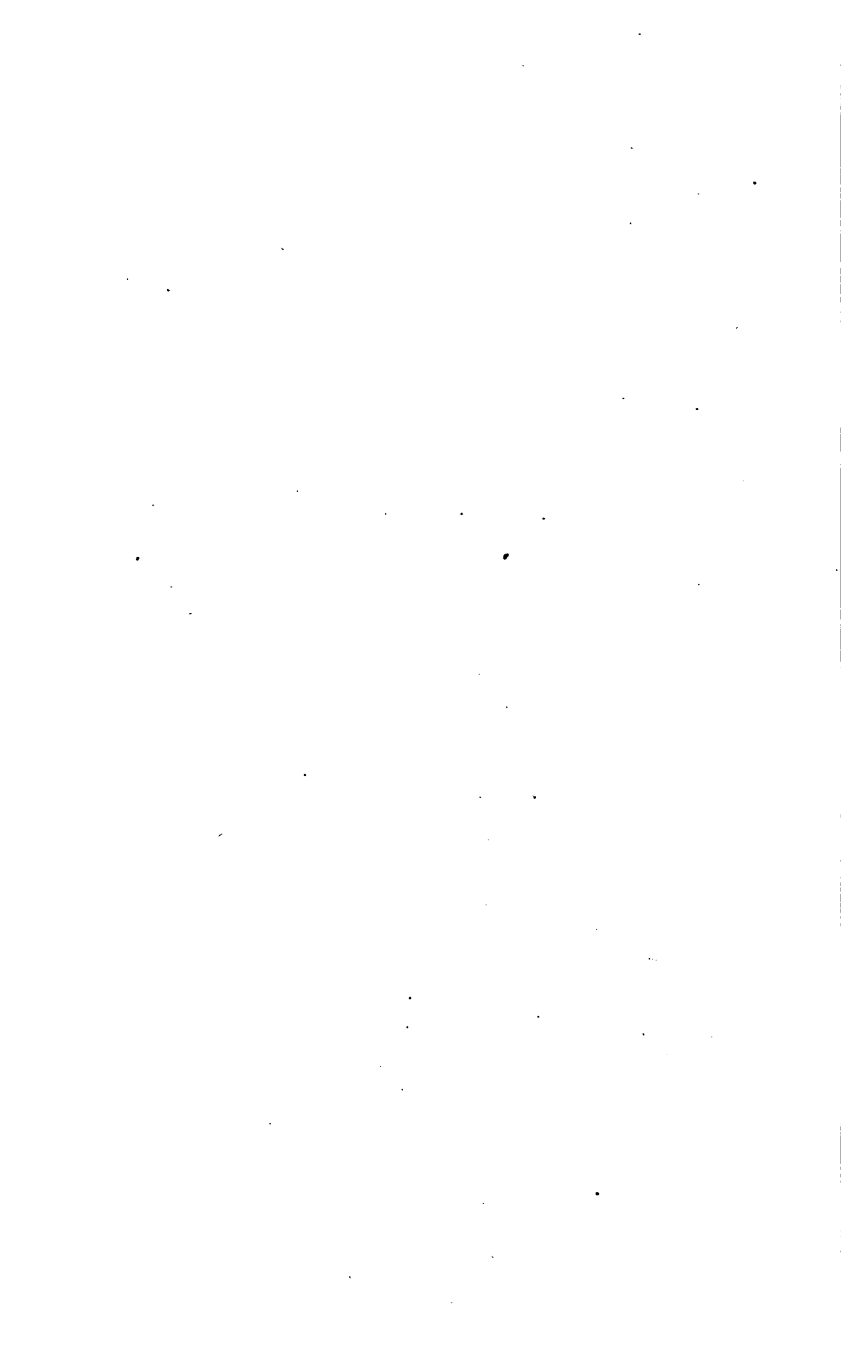
What I have said respecting him, however, I humbly entreat all the readers of this present history to take in good part ; for I have done my best, though by no means what was justly due to the memory of so excellent and virtuous a personage as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord of Bayard ; whose soul may God of his mercy admit into bliss eternal. Amen.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

NOTES

BY

THE FRENCH EDITORS.



NOTES

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THE FRENCH EDITORS.

Country of Dauphiny.—vol. i. p. 1.

It is affirmed by some that, about the year 1130, the province known by the name of Dauphiny, was divided into many sovereignties independent of each other, the whole whereof came to be united under the dominion of the Lord de la Tour-Dupin, who called it *Dauphiné*, from his wife Delphine. After his example, his successors took the title of Dauphins of Viennois. The last of these Dauphins, Humbert II. having no issue, ceded his dominions to Philip of Valois, King of France; who, in the month of July, 1349, invested the Duke of Normandy, afterward Charles V.

therewith. Conformably to the ceremonial of this investiture, he put into his hand the Delphinal sword, the banner of St. George, a sceptre, and a ring. Humbert, some time after, entered the order of St. Dominic. His tomb, which is of brass, may be seen at the foot of the great altar in the convent of the Dominicans at Paris, Rue St. Jacques.

The Scarlet of the Gentlemen of France.—vol. i. p. 2.

It appears that Lewis XI. furnished occasion to the assuming this title of *Scarlet of the Nobility*. We know that at the time of his being Dauphin, he quarrelled with his father, and retired into Dauphiny; where he advanced pretensions to the exercise of the rights of sovereignty. Being in want of money he conferred patents of nobility on all that would pay for them. The Gentlemen of ancient extraction, to distinguish themselves from these new nobles, adopted the name of *Scarlet of the Nobility*. It is probable that this expression of *Scarlet*, used to designate ancient nobility, conveyed an allusion to the custom which assigned

vestments of this colour to Knights, Doctors, and other eminent personages.

House of Bayard.—vol. i. p. 2.

The name of this house is Terrail. The domain of Bayard, situate at the extremity of the Vale of Graysivodan,* about six leagues from Grenoble, was erected into a fief, A. D. 1444, in favour of Bayard's grandfather, by Geoffroy Le Meingre, Governor of Dauphiny. The family is now extinct.

Battle of Cressy.—vol. i. p. 2.

The Author of the Memoirs is mistaken, and must have meant the battle of Agincourt, where Peter I. great grandfather of Bayard, was killed. The brother of this Peter I. perished at the fight of Verneuil, in 1424, where three hundred Dauphinese Gentlemen also lost their lives.

* Lewis XI. called this Vale the *Garden of Dauphiny*, and his *fourth wonder*.

His Grandfather.—vol. i. p. 2.

He was distinguished on account of his bravery, and obtained the surname of L'Epée Terrail. Though he opposed the projects of Lewis XI. at the time of his retreat into Dauphiny, that King, whom it was not in general safe to offend, did nevertheless respect his valour.

Guinegnaste.—vol. i. p. 2.

We must not, like many other writers, confound this battle of *Spurs*, or of Guinegate, with one of the same name which took place in 1513. It was in the first, in 1479, that the father of Bayard received four wounds, one of which deprived him of the use of an arm.

Allemans.—vol. i. p. 2.

Helène des Allemans, mother of the Chevalier, is described by Symphorien Champier, in his *Life of Bayard*, as *little*, but of an intrepid spirit.

Tower of the Castle.—vol. i. p. 10.

Guillaume d'Avançon, Archbishop of Ambrun, having bought the Castle of Bayard of the heirs of Georges du Terrail, made embellishments in it; but, out of respect to the memory of the Chevalier, ordered that the square tower in which he was born should be preserved. This anecdote, so honourable to the memory of the warrior, honours likewise that of the prelate.

The good Knight, his Nephew, served him to drink.
vol. i. p. 14.

The young Bayard waiting upon his uncle at table presents a striking contrast to our manners. In the present day an uncle and a nephew would deem themselves mutually humiliated by such a thing: the contrary opinion was one of the advantageous results of the education which the nobility at that time received. A young Gentleman knew that a service of this nature was destined for him with the Knight or Prince in whose house he was brought up. He was habituated from

infancy to a religious respect for the age and person of those in exalted stations. But now a child he looked upon himself as possessing no important existence in society: till he had given testimonies of his character he remained unregarded by all.

Wine and spices were brought in.—vol. i. p. 20.

The Squires and Pages used to bring spices, sweetmeats, comfits, claret, hippocrass, and other drinks, which were taken just before the time of retiring to rest.

Bellabre.—vol. i. p. 29.

Pierre de Pocquieres, Lord of Bellabre in Limosin, was Bayard's friend and comrade in arms during the whole of his life.

Abbot of Esnay.—vol. i. p. 30.

An error has crept in here. Theodore Terrail, Abbot of Ainay, was not the uncle of Bayard. They were related between the third and fifth degree.

Chastillon.—vol. i. p. 46.

Jacques de Coligni, Chamberlain of Charles VIII. and of Lewis XII. was Provost of Paris. His brother Gaspard I. of Coligni, Lord of Fromente, and Marshal of France, espoused Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Constable Anne. Of this marriage was born the celebrated Gaspard II. de Coligni, Admiral of France, &c.

Captain Louys d'Ars.—vol. i. p. 55.

The name of Louis d'Ars is consigned to glory in our history. He derived his origin from Dauphiny, and was the friend and neighbour of Bayard, who owned him for his master. According to the modern historians of Bayard, there still exist descendants of Louis d'Ars some leagues from Grenoble, but languishing in a kind of obscurity.

Sixty thousand combatants.—vol. i. p. 68.

André de la Vigne reduces the army of the confederates to forty thousand men. According to

St. Gelais it consisted of two thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. Guicciardini, doubtless to save the honour of his nation, is silent respecting the number of combatants.

19th of April.—vol. i. p. 71.

This is a mistake. Charles VIII. died on the 17th of April, A. D. 1498.

Princess Joan of France.—vol. i. p. 72.

This Princess was remarkable for an unbounded attachment to her husband. She used every means to effect his liberation from the prison wherein he was confined. The indifference and the scorn of Lewis did not move her to forsake him in his ill fortune. After having vainly exhausted every importunity with Anne of Beaujeu, she threw herself at the feet of her brother Charles VIII. There, as she melted into tears, grief lent her such persuasive eloquence, that the young King replied: "You shall have what you desire, my sister: God grant you may never repent of it!"

All the royal offices.—vol. 1. p. 73.

The Author of the *Memoirs* alludes to the Offices of Finance, which Louis XII. sold to defray the expenses of the Italian expedition. The Monarch thought these offices, as being highly productive, ought to supply the exigencies of the state, and that it was better to sell them than to burden the nation with fresh subsidies, not considering that the proprietors of these offices would seek to indemnify themselves, ultimately, at the expense of the people, and, that moreover, a legal existence was thereby given to such offices in France. He appears however to have been sensible of these inconveniences, as he hesitated to promulgate this financial edict; and annexed to it a clause empowering him to suppress those offices on the reimbursement of the money. Though Lewis XII. committed a fault in this instance, his general administration cannot but be applauded. From the first year of his reign he afforded presages of what he subsequently shewed himself. He diminished the taxes and other imposts, extended his paternal and beneficent administration over all parts of the state, and, after availing himself of

the labours of the most enlightened magistrates of his time, published the famous ordinances which place him in the number of our legislators. The discipline of the troops, the new form given to the great council, his ordinances on the interior police of the Courts of Judicature, the erection of Parliaments in provinces where they had not previously existed,—such were the first acts of this King, justly surnamed *the Father of his people*. Seconded by a minister worthy of him, by the virtuous Amboise, he secured to himself the love of his contemporaries, the regret of good men when he died, and the admiration of posterity.

Holding jousts, tourneys, and other entertainments.

vol. i. p. 76.

About this time occurred the memorable combat betwixt Bayard and Giacinto Simonetta, a Milanese Gentleman. The Loyal Servant has omitted the anecdote. This Simonetta was made up of conceit and vanity. A man is seldom vain without being likewise insolent:—Simonetta offended Bayard, who slew him in the lists. This duel

took place in Lombardy, and the issue of it was regarded as a prognostic of the calamities which threatened Lewis Sforza.

The Lady's name was Blanch.—vol. i. p. 76.

Blanch Paleologus, daughter of William VII. Marquis of Montferrat, was widow of Charles Duke of Savoy, surnamed the *Warriour*.

Lips and hands.—vol. i. p. 79.

This expression alludes to the homage of mouth and hands, *hommage de bouche et des mains*, which “is done by a vassal with the head uncovered, hands joined, and a kiss received; and binds him to fight for his Lord only in defence of the land whereof he holds.”—*Cotgrave*.

One of your sleeves.—vol. i. p. 80.

The sleeve of the Lady of Fluxas possessed great value in the eyes of Bayard: it was to him what, in the language of Chivalry, was termed a

favour, jewel, or token. Under these denominations the veil, sleeve, hood, or scarf, or other part of the dress of the Lady he loved, was worn at tournaments by every Knight. He was named her Servant of Love to whom he attached himself. On such occasions these proud slaves were led in chains by their mistresses, and only received their liberty at the moment when they sprung forward in the course.

The Lady Blanch.—vol. i. p. 84.

Blanch of Montferrat inspired her Son Philibert with a taste for tourneys. This Prince appointed one to be held at Carignan in 1504 for his own amusement and that of his spouse, Margaret of Austria, and signalized himself on the occasion by overthrowing one of his adversaries with a stroke of the sword, and breaking his shoulder. I shall here insert a sketch of the contest between the married and the unmarried people, as it will convey some idea of the spirit of that age. This scene took place in the lifetime of the father of Philibert of Savoy. After divers discourses on the

conjugal and the single state, the Lord of St. Pol, who had entered the former, affirmed, that the bachelors were inferior to the married men, and that the married ladies were more virtuous and worthy of renown than the unmarried. He offered to maintain his assertion with the lance and the sword. The Lord of Corsant accepted the challenge. It was decreed that if the champion who sustained the cause of the married people were worsted in the fight, he should go and beg pardon of Mademoiselle de Savoy, and all the maiden Ladies of the house : on the other hand, if the champion of the unmarried were vanquished, he should beg pardon of the Dutchess of Savoy, and the other wedded Dames.

The champion of the married Ladies came off victorious to the great mortification of the single ones.

Reduced to great necessity.—vol. i. p. 108.

The consort of Frederic was so abandoned during her widowhood that she experienced the wants of indigence. Anne de Laval, her granddaughter, married François de la Trémoille, and

from this alliance proceed the rights claimed by the House of La Trémoille upon the Kingdom of Naples.

Realm of Naples.—vol. i. p. 108.

Jean d'Auton and Guicciardini give horrid accounts of the cruelties exercised by the French at Capua, in this conquest of the Kingdom of Naples. The affecting instance of filial piety I am about to record forms a beautiful contrast to such recitals. Louis de Bourbon Montpensier, brother of the Constable, went to Pozzuolo, where his father was buried. "There," we are told by J. d'Auton in his History of Lewis XII. "the said Count of Montpensier caused the grave to be opened;—so soon as that was done, and he beheld his dead father, his vital spirits forsook him for very horror, insomuch that a fever seized him, whereof he died a few days after."

I will make my escape.—vol. i. p. 118.

This flight was contrary to all the laws of

Chivalry, in confirmation of which I shall cite one instance: when Jean de Grailly, Captal of Buch, being a prisoner of war, in 1364, promised Charles V. "to abide in his prison, he engaged himself, if he failed herein, to be held a false, wicked, and recreant Knight, in sign whereof his arms were to be turned and placed upside down, &c."

A band of thirteen Spanish Gentlemen.—vol. i. p. 134.

The Loyal Servant has here fallen into an error common to most of the contemporary writers who have made mention of this combat. Two engagements of the same kind occurred, one after another, and they have been confounded. In the first, wherein Bayard distinguished himself, eleven Frenchmen engaged eleven Spaniards. Bayard was not present at the second, when thirteen fought on either side. However, our author's mistake is confirmed in regard to the number of combatants, as the relation of Jean d'Auton, an eyewitness, in other respects agrees with his.

So they began to retreat in a leisurely manner.—

vol. i. p. 147.

The manuscript history of Jean d'Auton differs from this recital in some particulars. According to him fifteen gendarms were specially charged to cover the retreat: among whom were *Messire Roger de Bearn, Pierre de Tardes*, surnamed *Le Basque*, and *Pierre de Bayard*, "who this day underwent very great fatigue, and was ever in the thickest of the fight, insomuch that in one attack his horse was killed under him: but he got up, sword in hand, and would not surrender; which the Marquis of Saluzzo and the Lord of Sandricourt perceiving, they suddenly turned round upon the Spaniards, repulsed them, and recovered the Lord of Bayard, whom Sandricourt furnished with a very good horse."

Subtle and sinister devices.—vol. i. p. 155.

From the historians of the time, especially Guicciardini, who is not inclined to favour Julius

II. it does not appear that this Pontiff contributed at first to the revolt of the Genoese, or at least the proofs of it are by no means apparent. When it had broken out he tried to profit by it, imagining, that it might further his schemes against France. The insolence of the Genoese nobles occasioned this insurrection. The French officers, by their excessive lenity, added fuel to the fire instead of extinguishing it. Galeas de Salezart, Governor of the Castle of Genoa, defended himself courageously till the arrival of Lewis XII.

The good Knight delayed not long.—vol. i. p. 158.

Jean d'Auton disagrees with the Loyal Servant in many essential points. By his account, La Palisse commanded the gendarms who first scaled the mountain. Bayard distinguished himself in the midst of them. Beside the companions which the Loyal Servant gives him, Jean d'Auton names the Duke of Albany, the Count of Roussillon, the Lord of Leon, &c. &c. &c.

One of the grandest feasts.—vol. i. p. 161.

Every thing descriptive of the manners of this period must be interesting. Two of our historians furnish the following details of these banquets: “On this journey the Lord J. J. Trivulce entertained the King at a banquet, where there were as many Ladies with bunches of feathers to fan their faces withal, as you may see plumes in a company of a thousand gendarms. After supper the dancing began, and the King himself, who could perform very well in this way, danced with the rest, but not very much: his partner was the Marchioness of Mantua, a wondrous fair Lady. Then he made the Princes and Lords who were there dance, not even excepting the Cardinals of Narbonne and St. Severino, and some others, who acquitted themselves as well as they could.”

Each in his own district endeavoured to procure the most worthy associates.—vol. i. p. 165.

It was these brave Captains who first formed a national infantry.

Palace of the Queen of Cyprus.—vol. i. p. 184.

This Palace had been built by Carlotta Carnaro, a Venetian Lady, and widow of James, King of Cyprus. After the death of this Prince, conformably to his will, she became Queen of the island. The Venetians, her countrymen, manœuvred with so much address that she abdicated in their favour. They gave her in exchange for the crown the title of Daughter of St. Mark, together with considerable estates in the Trevisan. There she constructed a house of pleasure, which was called the palace of the Queen of Cyprus.

Guy Guiffray.—vol. i. p. 212.

Guigues Guiffrey, Lord of Boutieres, belonged to what was called in Dauphiny the *Scarlet of the Nobility*. He never quitted Bayard, and became his Lieutenant. In process of time he commanded in Piedmont, and distinguished himself at the battle of Cerizolles. The Chevalier Guiffray mentioned in Chapter xxv. and who was one of Bayard's companions in the combat between thirteen Spanish and thirteen French Gentlemen, was the uncle of this youth.

The Swiss.—vol. i. p. 258.

The Swiss desired an augmentation of pay. Lewis XII., provoked by the arrogance with which they made this demand, rejected it, saying, "he was surprised that miserable mountaineers should attempt to render him their tributary." This speech cost both nations much blood.

Caused all the wines at Galeras to be poisoned.—vol. i.
p. 259.

Historians are silent respecting the poisoning of the wines here mentioned. However embarrassed Chaumont might have been, he was too honourable to stoop to so base a measure. Guicciardini, who was a contemporary, and who never spares the French, would have mentioned the fact had it had the slightest foundation. He attributes the sudden retreat of the Swiss to the want of food and of cash to procure any. The Pope had showered indulgences upon them, and the Bishop of Sion, who was in the confidence of the Pontiff had heated their imaginations. They expected that the Venetians and the troops of the Pope would join them: finding no one, and perishing with hunger, they returned,

Battle of La Bastia.—vol. i. p. 293.

Guicciardini calls this battle of La Bastia a rout rather than a combat. He allows that the advan-

tage gained by the French was complete. This pretended battle must be reduced to an affair of posts between two detachments.

Killed the Cardinal of Pavia.—vol. ii. p. 11.

There is an anticipation of dates here. The Cardinal of Pavia was not slain by the Duke of Urbino till after the taking of Bologna by the French. See Guicciardini, vol. iii. pp. 172, 173.

I cannot rightfully interfere with the conqueror.—
vol. ii. p. 21.

In order to abate the rage for duels, Princes or Generals rarely accorded life to the vanquished, even though the conqueror interceded with them to that effect. A memorable instance of this was beheld in the combat between the Lords of Jarnac and of La Chateigneraie. Henry II. would scarcely permit La Chateigneraie to be borne off the field, and his wound to be dressed.

Died the good Lord of Chaumont.—vol. ii. p. 23.

The Loyal Servant is mistaken respecting the epoch to which he assigns the death of Marshal Chaumont. The retaking of Bologna, related in Chapter XLVI. is posterior to that event. To be convinced of this, we need only read the historians, especially Guicciardini. From them we learn that Trivulce was intrusted with the command of the French army, till Lewis XII. should name a successor to Chaumont.

Captain Baglione.— vol. ii. p. 45.

Gian Pagolo Baglione had been driven from Perugia by the Duke of Valentinois. He often changed sides. Such as desire to know this family, which has long played an important part in Italy, must read Guicciardini.

The French did not lose above fifty.—vol. ii. p. 59.

Guicciardini's Narrative, vol. ii. p. 235, tallies not well with this. The French, according to him, lost many men; and in one very vehement attack it was impossible but that there must have been much blood shed. As to the pillage of the town, and the horrors committed therein, Guicciardini does not soften the colours of the picture; in other respects he gives Gaston de Foix all due praise, and calls him, with justice, a hero.

Battle of Ravenna.—vol. ii. p. 115.

Bayard's letter to his uncle Laurent Alleman, is a precious monument relative to the battle of Ravenna, which has been preserved by the President Expilly.

“ My Lord, I commend myself, with all possible humility, to your good favour.

“ My Lord, since I last wrote to you we have had a battle with the enemy, as you by this time

may have learned: but to make you acquainted with the affair at full, it happened on this wise. Our army came and lodged hard by this city of Ravenna; our enemies repaired hither as soon as we, to put the inhabitants in heart; and both by reason of some rumours which ran daily of the descent of the Swiss, and of the lack of provisions experienced in our camp, my Lord of Nemours resolved to give battle, and last Sunday passed a little river which flowed between our enemies and us; we engaged them; they marched in very good order, and consisted of seventeen hundred horse, the most splendid and glorious that ever were seen, and full fourteen thousand foot, as gallant soldiers as could be met with. About a thousand of their cavaliers, enraged at being so galled as they were by our artillery, rushed upon our middle squadron, where the Duke of Nemours was in person, together with his company, that of the Duke of Lorrain, of M. d'Ars, and others, to the number of four hundred horse, or thereabout, who received the foe with so stout a heart that better fighting never was beheld. Between our vanguard, which consisted of a thousand gendarms, and us, were great ditches, and likewise it

had enough to do elsewhere, and could render us no assistance. Wherefore the said middle squadron was forced to bide the brunt of about a thousand men. At this juncture my Lord of Nemours brake his lance betwixt the two battalions, and pierced one of the enemies' gendarms right through the body, the weapon appearing half an arm's length beyond the same. Thus were the said thousand men defeated and put to flight; and, as we were in pursuit of them, we fell in with their infantry, close by their ordnance, with five or six hundred gendarms, who were posted there, having in front of them two-wheeled carts, whereon was a great piece of iron with two planks, ten or fifteen feet long; and they came to close fighting with our infantry. Their foot above-mentioned had so many arquebuses that they killed in a manner all our Captains of foot, as soon as they approached, instead of staggering them or putting them to flight. But our men were so well supported by the cavalry, that, after an obstinate contest, our adversaries were discomfited, lost their artillery, and seven or eight hundred of their horse, who were slain, and most of their Captains, with seven or eight thousand foot-

soldiers. It is not known that any Captains escaped but the Viceroy ; for we have prisoners the Lord Fabritio Colonna, the Cardinal of Medici, the Pope's Legate, the Lord Pedro Navarro, the Marquis of Pescara, Don Juan de Cardona, and others whose names I know not. They who got off were pursued for eight or ten miles, and are making their way over the scattered mountains, though some say the peasants have cut them to pieces.

“ My Lord, if the King hath won the battle I swear to you that the poor Gentlemen have lost it ; for, while we were engaged in the pursuit, the Duke of Nemours, falling in with some foot-soldiers who had rallied, chose to attack them ; but the gentle Prince was so ill supported that he fell in the affray, whereat the sorrow and mourning that hath been and is still displayed in our camp is such as hath never been equalled ; and you would think the battle had been lost instead of won. I can assure you, my Lord, no Prince's death for an hundred years hath been so great a calamity as his, and, had he lived longer, he would have done such things as no Prince ever did before him : all here may well say that they have lost their father ; as for me, my Lord, I shall hence-

forth lead a melancholy life, having suffered by this event more than I am able to express.

“ My Lord, in other places fell M. d’Alegre and his son, M. du Molart, six German Captains, with Captain Jacob, their Colonel, Captain Maugeron, the Baron of Grandmont, and above two hundred Gentlemen, all of name and reputation, not to mention two thousand of our footsoldiers; and I assure you the Realm of France will not repair the loss we have sustained in a century.

“ My Lord, yesterday morning the body of the late Duke was carried to Milan, attended by two hundred gendarms, in the most honourable manner that could be devised; eighteen or twenty glorious banners, gained in this battle, being borne before him. Now that he is laid low I believe we shall cease from warfare. However, the Swiss are still making some noise; but when they hear of this defeat they will perchance abate somewhat of their ardour. As soon as matters are settled a little I shall go and see you. Praying God to give your Lordship a very good and long life, I remain

Your humble servant,

BAYARD.

[Written at the camp of Ravenna, this 14th day of April.]”

Without effecting any thing.—vol. ii. p. 129.

This happened through the misunderstanding of the two French Generals, the Duke of Longueville, and Charles de Bourbon Montpensier; each contending for the command.

Alcayde de los Donzeles.—vol. ii. p. 138.

This was Didago Hernandez de Cordoba.

Solicited to enter his service.—vol. ii. p. 157.

Pope Julius II. had similar proposals made him at the end of the year 1503, offering to name him Captain General of the Church. Bayard replied: "that he had but one master in Heaven, which was God, and one master upon earth, which was the King of France, and that he would never serve any other." (Extract from the History of the Chevalier Bayard, by S. Champier.)

Anne, Queen of France.—vol. ii. p. 162.

Anne of Bretagne was justly regretted. She has been reproached with having taken advantage of the influence she possessed over the mind of Lewis XII., to injure those who had displeased her. Historians have remarked a great singularity in her character; she was mild and obliging toward Charles VIII., who often sacrificed her to transient inclinations: while Lewis, who lived but for her, had more than once to complain of her imperious humour; to characterize the effects of which, he called her “his Britoness.” For the main, however, his attachment was founded on the qualities of her mind and heart. Her greatest pleasure consisted in doing good. Her Court was the asylum and the school of all the virtues; so much so that the most illustrious families in France confided their daughters to her to be among the number of her maids of honour.

Jean de Meung.—vol. ii. p. 163.

Jean de Meung, also named Clopinel, finished the *Romaunt of the Rose*, begun in verse by Guillaume de Loris, and afterwards turned into prose, and augmented with many allegories by Jean Molinet. This work made a noise in its day, but has since shared the fate of too many others,—been forgotten.

My Lord Francis, Duke of Valois and Angoulesme.
vol. ii. p. 164.

Some historians have erroneously styled Francis I. Duke of Angoulême. The county of Angoulême was by himself erected into a Dutchy, the first year of his reign, in favour of his mother, Louisa of Savoy.

Espoused the Lady Claude.—vol. ii. p. 164.

The death of Queen Anne brought about the accomplishment of this marriage; she had constantly opposed it on account of the hatred she entertained against Louisa of Savoy.

Jousts and tournaments.—vol. ii. p. 165.

In these jousts Bayard, Maugiron, Chandieu, &c. distinguished themselves.

Three victorious Captains.—vol. ii. p. 171.

The modern historian of Bayard makes a useful reflection on this subject. “Chabannes, Humbercourt, and d’Aubigny,” says he, “the one Marshal of France, the other two General Officers, all superior to Bayard in rank and length of service, fight under his orders. What a lesson! what an example!”

Le Carman.—vol. ii. p. 184.

Other historians name this singular animal *Le Carinan*.

Francis of Bourbon.—vol. ii. p. 186.

This was the brother of the Constable.

Received the Order of Knighthood from his hands.
vol. ii. p. 187.

I shall here insert Champier's account of this circumstance, which will supply the details omitted by the Loyal Servant.

“ The King, before he begun to create Knights, called unto him the noble Chevalier Bayard, and said: ‘ My friend Bayard, I wish this day to be knighted by your hand, because the Knight that hath fought on foot and on horseback in many battles, is held and reputed among all

others the most worthy. Now, thus it is with you, seeing that, in divers battles and conquests, you have valiantly combated against many nations.' To the words of the King Bayard made answer : ' Sire, he that is King of so noble a Kingdom is Knight above all other Knights.' ' Howbeit, Bayard,' said the King, ' do quickly as I say ; no laws or canons must be alleged here save those of steel, of brass, or of iron. Obey my will and commandment, if you desire to be reckoned among my good servants and subjects.' ' In good sooth, Sire,' replies Bayard, ' since it is your pleasure, if once be not enough, I will do it times out of number, so to fulfil, unworthy as I am, your will and commandment.' Then Bayard took his sword and said : ' Sire, may the ceremony be as efficacious as though it were performed by Roland, or Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin his brother ; verily, you are the first Prince* that ever I dubbed a Knight. God grant that you never fly during

* It is not known at what time of his life he conferred the order of Knighthood on the Duke of Bourbon's son, who was yet in the arms of his nurse. Journeying to Moulins he visited this Prince, and, at his request, made the child a Knight.

time of war!’ Then, holding his sword in his right hand, he sportively exclaimed: ‘Thou art very fortunate in that thou hast conferred the order of Knighthood this day on so brave and powerful a King. Certes, my good sword, thou shalt be carefully preserved as a relick, and honoured above all others; and I will never wear thee, except against Turks, Saracens, or Moors;’ with that he made two leaps, and then replaced his sword in the scabbard.”

This sword has been lost: Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, requested it of Bayard’s heirs. One of them, Charles du Motet, Lord of Chichiliane, sent him in default of it the battle-axe which Bayard had made use of. The Duke told the Dauphinese Gentleman, when he wrote to thank him for this present, “That, in the midst of the pleasure he felt at beholding this weapon placed in the worthiest part of his gallery, he could scarce choose but regret, that it was not in such good hands as those of its original owner.”

According to the Memoirs of Fleuranges, Bayard conferred the honour of Knighthood on Francis I. before the battle. But other historians agree with the Loyal Servant.

Called Duke of Modena.—vol. ii. p. 190.

He was called Duke of Modena because his brother, Pope Leo X. had bought this dutchy for him.

But of these two there remained a daughter.
vol. ii. p. 192.

This was Catharine of Medicis, afterward Queen of France.

Gat him to Mézières.—vol. ii. p. 197.

After the taking of Mouzon, Francis I. assembled his council to decide whether the town of Mézières should be defended or not. Bayard alone declared for the affirmative; saying that "no place was weak which had good soldiers to defend it." He was intrusted with this commission, and accordingly threw himself forthwith into Mézières. Thither he was followed by a crowd of

Gentlemen, among whom were many of his fellow-countrymen and relations, as Charles Alleman, Lord of Laval, Gaspard Terrail, Lord of Bernin, &c. &c. Bayard caused them, as well as the principal citizens, to swear that *they would never speak of surrendering to the enemy; that they would die one and all in the defence of the place; and that if food failed them they would eat their horses and their boots.* The same spirit spread from the chiefs to the soldiers, who said among themselves: "After we have devoured all the beasts, we will eat our lackeys."

The fortifications were repaired with the promptest diligence. Bayard expended above six thousand crowns of his own money thereupon. He intrusted Philippe de Ville, a Dauphinese Gentleman, and an officer of acknowledged vigilance and bravery, with the general superintendence of the provisions.

We read in the Memoirs of du Bellay, that "as soon as the Count of Nassau was arrived near Mézières, he sent a trumpet to the Chiefs and Captains to summon them to surrender the town to the Emperor; which trumpet the Lord of Bayard sent back with this answer: "*that, ere*

there should be any speech of quitting the town whereof he had charge, he hoped to make a bridge of the dead bodies of his enemies, and sally out thereon."

Lord of Montmorency.—vol. ii. p. 197.

Anne de Montmorency, who afterwards attained to the dignity of Constable.

Put out of the town.—vol. ii. p. 202.

Some say that Bayard, on sending back the Herald, bade him tell Sickingen from him, "that the *Bayard* of France feared not the war-horse of Germany;" alluding to a pleasant saying of the Spaniards, "that in France there were many *grey horses*, but few *Bayards*."

Many affairs took place in Italy.—vol. ii. p. 210.

Bayard, after quitting Genoa, rejoined the army

of Marshal Foix. He was present at the unfortunate engagement of the Bicocca, when the Swiss, being repulsed in a first attack inconsiderately made, would not return to the charge. The whole of the adverse army fell upon the French horse, who suffered prodigiously thereby, at the same time that they acquired much glory. The Loyal Servant has passed over this event from a fear of offending persons in office.

Troubled in spirit.—vol. ii. p. 214.

“ The Admiral of France sent Captain Bayard to a village named Rebecco, where there was no kind of fortress. This commission he was induced to accept by means of a promise which the said Admiral made him of sending, within three days, a certain number of men to guard and defend the village; which he was unable to perform. By reason whereof Bayard and his companions were assailed at night in this village by the Spaniards, who flocked thither in great numbers. After a long contest the French escaped, losing, however, six or seven and twenty horses which the servants

were leading; and, had not Bayard been subtle, cautious, and prudent, he would have been taken himself; for the Spaniards sought no other than him." (Extract from the *Annales d'Aquitaine* by J. Bouchet.)

From their spies.—vol. ii. p. 214.

If the anecdote which we read in the modern history of Bayard be true, he had reason to apprehend that the enemy would endeavour to profit by his disadvantageous position. The Marquis of Pescara, they say, sent one of his soldiers, named Lupon, an active and robust man, to obtain certain information respecting Bayard. Lupon, accompanied by a single arquebusier, stole unseen upon a French sentinel, took the man in his arms, threw him across his shoulders, and carried him thus to the Spanish camp, while he thought the devil was running away with him. It was on his deposition that the Marquis of Pescara concerted his attack.

March straight to Biagrasa.—vol. ii. p. 217.

Some of our historians have confounded this retreat of Rebecco with that of Romagnano, wherein Bayard was slain.

Judged best to retire.—vol. ii. p. 218.

The Loyal Servant has neglected some important particulars, which the reader will be glad to have supplied from the President Expilly's narrative.

Bonnivet was wounded in the retreat. He knew that Bayard had reason to complain of him, nevertheless he begged him to take his place.—“ My Lord of Bayard,” said he to him, “ I pray and conjure you by the honour and glory of the French name to defend this day the artillery and the ensigns which I give you charge of, and confide entirely to your fidelity, valour, and wise conduct, since there is no one in the King's army who is more competent to the charge than you, either for valour, experience, or discretion.” “ I would,”

replied Bayard, " that you had done me this honour on some more favourable occasion, when fortune was less adverse to us; nevertheless, happen what may, I promise and vow to defend them so resolutely, that, while I remain alive, they shall never fall into the hands of the enemy."

Bayard, accepting this dangerous commission, is a model of devotion and patriotism. It was no longer Bonnivet the *courtier* who proposed it to him:—it was Bonnivet great enough himself to do justice to the hero whom he appreciated.

A stone discharged from an hacquebouze.—vol. ii. p. 219:

It appeared that Bayard foresaw the kind of death that awaited him. He hated the arquebusers to such a degree that he never pardoned any who fell into his hands, " it being a great heart-sore to him (says one of our old writers) that a valiant man should be slain by a paltry pitiful ragamuffin."

Placed him under a tree.—vol. ii. p. 219.

It is recorded in the *Memoirs of Du Bellay*, that while he was in this situation, “the Duke of Bourbon, who was in pursuit of our camp, went up to Bayard, and told him that he felt great pity for him, seeing in this estate one that had been so valourous a Knight.” Captain Bayard made answer: “My Lord, I need no pity, for I die like an honest man; you I do indeed pity, when I see you serve against your Prince, your country, and your oath.”

Marquis of Pescara.—vol. ii. p. 222.

The Marquis had his tent placed near Bayard: no sort of alleviation was wanting to that unfortunate Captain.

Rendered up his soul to God.—vol. ii. p. 228.

Bayard was forty-eight years of age at the time of his death. According to Expilly he was “tall,

straight, and slender, of a mild and gracious countenance, with black eyes, a nose inclining to aquiline, and a fair complexion."

His painters give him a long beard, though, it is said, he wore it shaven, that it might not be troublesome to him when he had his helmet on.

He left a natural daughter named Jeanne Terrail, whose mother was come of a noble family in the Milanese. Bayard had promised to marry her, both by word of mouth and by letters. He spared no expense in the education of this young person, who inherited all the virtues of her father. Bayard's brothers treated her as their niece, and married her to François de Bocsozel, Lord of Chastelart.

Convent of Minims.—vol. ii. p. 229.

In this Church of Minims he is interred, under a great stone, at the foot of the steps of the chancel. To the right, above a door by which you enter the convent, is his bust in white marble, adorned with the collar of his order. On another piece of white marble placed underneath the bust

is inscribed a Latin epitaph, containing a summary of his exploits and of the circumstances of his death. This monument has been raised by a Gentleman of his province, who was nowise related to him. His name (Scipion de Poulloud, Lord of St. Agnin) deserves to be handed down to posterity; he has executed, at his own expense, what Henry IV. and the city of Grenoble had vainly projected.

Aiming to make a present.—vol. ii. p. 233.

He was by no means sparing of his money when any good could be done with it, and used often to repeat this ancient proverb: “ *Ce que le gantelet amasse, le gorgerin le dépense:*” “What the gauntlet gets, the gorget (or throat) spends (or consumes.”)

Being at his death little richer than he was at his birth-hour.—vol. ii. p. 235.

He added nothing to the possessions of his father but a part of the estate of Avalon, which

he purchased from the King's domain for four thousands *livres*, in order that the House of Bayard might have a jurisdiction. " All the wealth he left, (says Boissieu in his notes,) does not amount to four hundred pounds a year."

THE END.

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